



*Charles XII King of*  
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HISTORY  
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CHARLES XII.  
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KING of SWEDEN.

IN EIGHT BOOKS.

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L O N D O N:

Printed for C. Hitch, at the Red-Lion in Pater-noster-row; R. Ware at the Bible in Amen-Corner; J. Osborn at the Golden-Ball in Pater-noster-row; J. Clarke at the Golden-Ball in Duck-Lane, and J. Hodges at the Looking-Glass on London-Bridge, 1739.





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THE  
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CHARLES XII.  
KING of SWEDEN.  
BOOK I.



*CHARLES XII.* King of Sweden, a Man the most extraordinary, perhaps, that ever appear'd in the World, was born *June 27. 1682.* All the great qualities of his Ancestors were united in him; nor had he any other fault or misfortune, but that he carried them beyond all bounds.

At six years old he was taken from the women, and put under the tuition of *Mr. de Nordcopenser*, a wise and understanding Man. The first Book he was made to read was *Puffendorf's* Introduction to the History of *Europe*, that he might be soon made acquainted with his own Dominions, and those of his Neighbours. He then learnt the *German Language*, which he ever after spoke as well as his Mother-tongue. At seven years old he could manage a Horse; and the violent Exercises he delighted in, and which discover'd his Inclinations to War, laid early the foundations of a vigorous Constitution, which enabled

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him to support the fatigues his temper led him to undergo.

Though good natur'd in his infancy, he discovered an invincible Obstinacy; the only way to gain upon him was to touch upon his Honour; if they named but glory, they could get any thing from him. He had a great aversion to learning of *Latin*; but when they told him, that the King of *Poland* and *Denmark* understood it, he soon applied himself to it, and retained so much of it, as to be able to talk it all the rest of his life. They endeavoured to engage him to learn *French* after the same manner; but he could not be prevailed upon, so long as he lived, ever to make use of it, not even with the *French* Embassadors who understood no other language:

As soon as he had some little knowledge in *Latin*, they made him read *Quintus Curtius*; and he took a fancy to that book, which the subject inspired him with rather than the style. The person who explained this Author to him, having asked him what he thought of *Alexander*, *I think*, says the Prince *that I would be like him: But*, says the other, *he lived but two and thirty years. Ah!* replies he, *and is not that enough, when one has conquered Kingdoms?* They did not fail to carry these answers to the King his Father, who, upon hearing them would cry out *This Child will excel me, and even go beyond the great Gustavus.* One day he was diverting himself in the King's apartment with looking upon two plans, the one of a Town in *Hungary*, taken by the *Turks*, from the Emperor, and the other of *Riga* the capital of *Livonia*, a Province conquered by the *Swedes* about a century ago. Under the plan of the Town of *Hungary* were these words taken from the book of *Job*, *The Lord gave it to me, the Lord hath taken from me; blessed be the name of the Lord.* The young Prince, upon reading this, strait took a pencil, and wrote under the plan of *Riga*, *The Lord hath given*

to me, and the Devil shall not take it from me. Thus in the most indifferent actions of his childhood, some little traces of his resolute disposition would often fall from him, which discovered what he would one day be.

He was eleven Years old when he lost his mother *Ulric Eleonora*, daughter of *Frederick III.* King of *Denmark*, a Princess of great virtue, and worthy of greater confidence than her husband reposed in her.

His Father *Charles XI.* died within four years after her, on the 15th of *April 1697*, in the forty second year of his age, and the thirty seventh of his reign.

He left to his son, then fifteen years old, a throne secur'd and respected abroad; subjects poor, but valiant and loyal; a treasury in good order, and managed by able Ministers.

*Charles XII.* upon his coming to the crown, not only found himself absolute and undisturbed master of *Sweden* and *Finland*, but also of *Livonia*, *Carelia*, and *Ingria*; he was farther possessed of *Wisnar*, *Wibourg*, the Isles of *Rugen*, *Oesel*, and the most beautiful Part of *Pomerania*, with the Duchy of *Bremen* and *Verden*, all the conquests of his Ancestors, and secured to the Crown by long Possession, and the solemn Treaties of *Munster* and *Oliva*, supported by the terror of the *Swedish* arms. The Peace of *Ryswick*, begun under the Direction of the Father, was concluded under that of the Son; and he found himself the Mediator of *Europe*, from the moment he began to reign.

The Laws of *Sweden* fix the Majority of their Kings to the age of fifteen years. But *Charles XI.* who was intirely absolute, put off the Majority of his Son, by his last will, till he should come to be eighteen; and by this Disposition he favoured the ambitious views of his Mother *Eduiga Eleonora* of *Holfstein*, the Dowager of *Charles X.* who was appointed by

the King her Son, to be Guardian to the young King her Grandson, and Regent of the Kingdom, in conjunction with a Council of five Persons.

One day in the Month of *November*, the same Year that his Father died, when he had been taking a Review of several Regiments, and *Piper* the Counsellor of State stood by him, the King appeared quite lost in a depth of thought. *May I take the liberty*, says *Piper* to him, *of asking your Majesty upon what it is that your thoughts are so seriously imploy'd? I am thinking*, answers the King, *that I am capable of commanding those brave Fellows yonder, and don't care that either they, or I, should receive orders from a Woman.* *Piper* immediately laid hold of the opportunity of raising his Fortune, and knowing his own Interest sufficient to venture on so dangerous an enterprize, as removing the Queen from the Regency, and hastening the King's Majority, he proposed the affair to Count *Axel Sparre*, who was a Man of Spirit, and sought to make himself considerable: He flattered him with the thought of being made the King's Confident, which *Sparre* very easily believ'd, took the whole upon himself, and laboured for none but *Piper*. The Counsellors of the Regency were soon drawn into the Scheme, and hastily proceeded to the execution of it, that they might thereby the more readily recommend themselves to the King's Esteem.

They went in a Body to propose it to the Queen, who did not in the least expect such a Declaration. The States General were then assembled, and the Counsellors of the Regency laid the matter before them. They were all unanimous in their Approbation, and the point was carried with a rapidity, that nothing could withstand; so that *Charles XII.* did but wish to reign, and in three days the States conferred the Governement upon him. The Queen's power and interest fell in an instant, and she afterwards led a private life, which was more suitable to her age,  
though



## C H A R L E S XII.

though less to her Humour. The King was crown-  
ed on the 24th of *December* following. He made  
his Entry into *Stockholm* upon a sorrel horse, shod  
with Silver, having a Scepter in his hand, and a Crown  
upon his head, amidst the Acclamations of a whole  
People, Adorers of every novelty, and forming to  
themselves great expectations from a young Prince.

The Ceremony of the Consecration and Coronation  
belongs to the Archbishop of *Upsal*, and is almost the  
only Privilege remaining to him among so many as  
were claim'd by his Predecessors. After having a-  
pointed the King according to Custom, whilst he was  
holding the Crown in his Hands, in order to put it  
upon his Head, *Charles* snatched it hastily from the  
Archbishop, and crown'd himself, looking sternly all  
the while upon the poor Prelate. The crowd, who  
are always easily imposed on by an air of Grandeur,  
applauded this action of the King. Even those who  
had groaned most under the Tyranny of the Fa-  
ther, were betray'd into the folly of praising in the  
Son that stern behaviour which was the Presage of  
their Slavery.

As soon as *Charles* was become Master of the Go-  
vernment, he gave his Ear and the Management of  
Affairs to Councillor *Piper*, who was in reality his first  
Minister, though he wanted the Name. He soon af-  
ter created him a Count, which is a Dignity of great  
Eminence in *Sweden*, and not an empty Title, to be  
taken up without any Consequence.

The beginning of the King's Administration did  
not raise any favourable Ideas of him; he seemed to  
be more impatient after rule, than deserving of it.  
He had indeed no dangerous Passion; but there was  
nothing to be observed in his Conduct, except the  
Transports of Youth and Obstinacy. He appeared  
proud and careless of business. Even the Embassa-  
dors who resided at his Court, took him for a Person  
of a mean Capacity, and represented him as such to

their Masters. The *Suedes* had entertained the same opinion of him themselves, so that no one as yet knew his real Character; he was not even acquainted with it himself, till the Storms, which all at once were gathering in the North, furnished him with an Opportunity of displaying those great talents which as yet lay conceal'd.

Three powerful Princes taking the Advantage of his youth, conspir'd his ruin almost at the same instant. The first was *Frederick IV.* King of *Denmark*, his Cousin; the second *Augustus*, Elector of *Saxony*, and King of *Poland*; *Peter the Great*, Czar of *Muscovy*, was the third and the most dangerous.

These then were the Enemies which were preparing all together to fall upon the infancy of *Charles XII.*

The Whispers of these Preparations alarmed the King's Council, and they deliberated upon them in his presence; and some of them were proposing to divert the storm by negotiations. *Charles* rising from his seat with an air of gravity and resolution, *Gentlemen*, says he, *I am resolved never to enter upon an unjust war, nor put an end to a just one but by the destruction of my enemies. My resolution is fixed. I will go attack the first who shall declare against me, and when I have conquer'd him, may hope to strike a terror into the rest.* These Words astonish'd all the old counselors, they looked upon one another without daring to reply, and at last, ashamed to hope less than their King, they received his orders for the War with admiration.

They were still more surpris'd, when they saw him of a sudden renounce all the most innocent amusements of youth. From the moment he prepared for the War, he enter'd upon a new course of life, from which he never after departed in one single particular. Full of the Idea of *Alexander* and *Cæsar*, he propos'd to imitate those two Conquerors in every

every thing but their vices. He no more admir'd magnificence, sports, and recreations; he reduc'd his Table to the utmost frugality. He had been fond of Gaiety and dress, but was ever after clad like a common soldier. They had suspected him of having entertained a passion for a lady of his court; but whether the suspicion was just or no, 'tis certain he renounced all conversation with the women for ever after; not only through fear of becoming a slave to them, but to give the soldiers an example of his resolution to restrain himself to the severest discipline; or it may be, through the vanity of being the sole Prince who knew how to suppress an Inclination so difficult to be conquer'd. He determined also to abstain from wine all the rest of his life; nor, as has been pretended, to punish himself for an excess, which, as they say, led him into the commission of some irregularities: Nothing is more absolutely false than this vulgar report; he never suffer'd wine to get the mastery over his reason, but it over-heated his constitution, which was warm enough already; he soon after left off beer too, and confined himself to pure water. Besides, sobriety was a virtue till then unknown in the north, and he was desirous of being a model to the *Swedes* in every particular.

He began with assuring his brother-in-law the Duke of *Holstein*, of assistance. Eight thousand men were immediately sent into *Pomerania*, a province not far from *Holstein*, to strengthen the Duke against the attacks of the *Danes*. And the Duke indeed had need of them. His Dominions were already ravished, the castle of *Gottorp* taken, and the town of *Tonningen* pressed by a close siege, to which the King of *Denmark* was come in person, to enjoy a conquest he thought secure. This small spark began to inflame the empire. On one side the *Saxon* troops of the King of *Poland*, those of *Brandenburg*, *Wolfem-*

*buttle*, and *Hesse-Cassel*, marched to join the *Danes*. On the other, the King of *Sweden*'s eight thousand Men, the Troops of *Hanover* and *Zell*, and three *Dutch* Regiments went to assist the Duke. Whilst the little Country of *Holstein* was thus made the Theatre of the War, two Squadrons, the one from *England*, and the other from *Holland*, appeared in the *Baltick*. These two Estates were Guarantees of the Treaty of *Altena*, which the *Danes* had broken: They were eager to relieve the oppressed Duke, because the Interest of their Trade was incompatible with the growing Power of the King of *Denmark*. They knew the *Dane*, if he was once Master of the Passage of the *Sound*, would be tempted to impose hard Laws on the trading Nations, should he ever be strong enough to do it with safety. And this reason has long engaged the *English* and *Dutch*, as much as possible to hold the Balance even between the Princes of the North. They joined themselves to the young King of *Sweden*, who seemed ready to be crushed by so many Enemies, united together against him, and succoured him for the same reasons the others fell upon him, because they thought him incapable of defending himself. In the mean time *Charles* set out for his first Campaign on the 8th of *May* new style in the Year 1700. He left *Stockholm*, and never after returned thither. An immense Body of People attended him as far as *Carelsroon*, offering up their Prayers for him, and bursting into Tears of Admiration. Before he left *Sweden*, he established at *Stockholm* a Council of Defence, made up of several Senators. This Commission was to take care of all that regarded the Fleet, the Troops and Fortifications of the Country. The Body of the Senate was to regulate every thing besides provisionally within the Kingdom. Having thus settled Order and Regularity in his Dominions, his Mind, now free from every other Care, was bent wholly upon the War. His Fleet consisted of three  
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and forty Vessels, that which carried him, named the King *Charles*, and the biggest they had ever seen, was a Ship of an hundred and twenty Guns; Count *Piper* his first Minister, General *Renschild*, and the Count *de Guiscard*, Ambassador of *France* in *Sweden*, embarked with him. He joined the Squadrons of the Allies. The *Danish* Fleet declined the Engagement, and gave the three united Fleets, the Opportunity of drawing so near to *Copenhagen*, as to throw some Bombs into the Town.

The King then, as in a sudden Transport, taking Count *Piper* and General *Renschild*, by the Hands: *And what, said he, if we should lay hold of the Opportunity of making a Descent, and besiege Copenhagen by Land, whilst it is blocked up by Sea?* *Renschild* answered, *Sir the Great Gustavus after fifteen Years Experience would not have made any other Proposition.* Orders were immediately given for five thousand Men to embark, who lay upon the Coast of *Sweden*, and were joined to the Troops they had on board. The King quitted his great Vessel, and entered into a lighter Frigate; and they dispatched three hundred Grenadiers in small Shallops towards the Shore. Among these Shallops were small Flat-bottom'd Boats, which carry'd the *Fascines*, the *Chevaux de Frize*, and the Instruments of the Pioniers. Five hundred select Men followed after in other Shallops. Then came the King's Men of War, with two *English* Frigates and two *Dutch*, which were to favour the Descent with their Cannon.

*Copenhagen*, the Capital of *Denmark*, is situate in the Isle of *Zealand*, in the midst of a beautiful Plain, which has the *Sound* on the North-west, and the *Baltick* on the east, where the King of *Sweden* then lay. Upon the unexpected movement of the Vessels, which threatned a descent, the Inhabitants in a consternation at the Inactivity of their own Fleet, and the Motion of the *Swedish* Ships, looked round with Terror to see



in what place the storm would fall. The fleet of *Charles* stopp'd over against *Humblebek* within seven miles of *Copenhagen*. Immediately the *Danes* drew up their horse to that place. The foot were posted behind thick entrenchments, and what artillery they could get thither was directed against the *Swedes*.

The King then quitted his fregat, to throw himself into the first shallop, at the head of his guards. The Ambassador of *France* was constantly at his elbow; *Sir*, says the King to him in *Latin* (for he would never speak *French*) *you have no difference with the Danes, you shall go no farther if you please*. *Sir*, answered the Count *de Guiscard* in *French*, *the King my master has order'd me to attend your Majesty; I flatter myself you will not this day drive me from your Court, which never before appear'd so splendid*. As he spoke these words, he gave his hand to the King, who leapt into the shallop, whither Count *Piper* and the Ambassador follow'd him. They advanced under cover of the canon-ball of the vessels, which favour'd the descent. The small boats were but about an hundred yards off the shore; *Charles*, impatient of landing, threw himself from the shallop into the sea, with his sword in his hand, and the water up to his middle. The Ministers, the Ambassador of *France*, the Officers and soldiers, trait follow'd his example, and march'd to shore amidst a shower of musket-shot, which the *Danes* discharged. The King, who had never in his life before heard a discharge of muskets loaden with ball, asked Major *Stuart*, who stood next him, *What whistling that was which he had in his ears? 'Tis the noise of the musket ball which they fire upon you*, says the Major. *That's right*, says the King, *henceforward it shall be my musick*. And that moment the Major, who explained the noise to him, received a shot in his shoulder; and a Lieutenant on the other side of him fell dead at his feet. It is usual

usual for troops that are attacked in their retrenchments to be beaten, because the assailants have generally an impetuosity, which the defenders cannot have; besides, to wait for the enemy in one's lines, is generally a confession of one's own weakness, and the other's advantage. The *Danish* Horse and foot took to their heels after a faint resistance. As soon as the King was master of their retrenchments, he fell on his knees to thank God for the first success of his Arms. He immediately caused redoubts to be raised towards the Town, and himself marked out the encampment. At the same time he sent back his vessels to *Schonen*, a part of *Sweden* not far from *Copenhagen*, for fresh recruits of nine thousand men. Every thing conspired to assist the vivacity of *Charles*. The nine thousand men were upon the shore ready to embark, and the next morning a favourable wind brought them to him.

All this passed within sight of the *Danish* fleet, who durst not venture to interpose. *Copenhagen* in a fright immediately sent Deputies to the King, to entreat him not to bombard the Town. He received them on horseback at the head of his regiment of guards, and the Deputies fell upon their knees before him. He demanded of the Town four hundred thousand rix-dollars, with orders to supply his camp with all sorts of provisions, which he promised they should be honestly paid for. They brought him the provisions, because they durst not refuse them, but were in no expectation that the Conqueror would vouchsafe to pay for them; and those who brought them were astonished to find that they were paid generously and without delay by the meanest Soldiers in the Army. There had long reigned in the *Swedish* troops a strict discipline, which contributed not a little to their conquest; and the young King made it still more severe. There was not a soldier that dared to refuse payment for whatever he bought,  
much

much less go a marauding, or even stir out of the Camp. He would not so much as allow his Troops after a Victory the Privilege of stripping the dead, till they had his Permission, and easily brought them to the Observance of his Order. Prayers were constantly said in his Camp twice a Day, at seven in the Morning, and four in the Afternoon; and he never failed to be present at them himself, to give his Soldiers an Example of Piety, as well as Valour. His Camp, which was far better governed than *Copenhagen*, had every thing in abundance; and the Country People chose rather to sell their Provisions to their Enemies the *Swedes* than to their own Countrymen, who did not pay so well for them. And the Townsmen were more than once obliged to fetch their Provisions from the King of *Sweden's* Camp, which they wanted in their Markets.

The King of *Demark* was then in *Holstein*, whither he seemed to have marched only to raise the Siege of *Tonningen*. He saw the *Baltick* covered with his Enemies Ships, a young Conqueror already Master of *Zealand*, and ready to take Possession of the Capital. He published a Declaration, that whoever would take up Arms against the *Swedes* should have their Liberty. This Declaration was of great Weight in a Country, where all the Peasants, and even many of the Townsmen were Slaves. But *Charles XII.* was in no fear of an Army of Slaves. He let the King of *Denmark* know, that he made War for no other reason but to oblige him to make Peace; and that he must either resolve to do Justice to the Duke of *Holstein*, or see *Copenhagen* destroyed, and his Kingdom put to Fire and Sword. The *Dane* was too fortunate to have to do with a Conqueror, who valued himself upon his Justice. A Congress was appointed to meet in the Town of *Travendal*, on the Frontiers of *Holstein*. The King of *Sweden* would not suffer the Artifice of the Ministers to protract the Negotiations into any length; he

he would have the treaty finished with as much rapidity as he made his descent into *Zealand*. And it was effectually concluded on the 5th of *August*, to the advantage of the Duke of *Holstein*, who was indemnify'd from all the expence of the war, and delivered from oppression. The King of *Sweden* would accept of nothing for himself, being satisfied with having relieved his ally, and humbled his enemy. Thus *Charles XII.* at eighteen years old, began and ended this war in less than six weeks.

Precisely at the same time the King of *Poland* laid siege in person to the town of *Riga*, the capital of *Livonia*; and the Czar was upon his march on the east at the head of an hundred thousand men. *Riga* was defended by the old Count *d'Alberg*, a *Swedish* General, who at the age of fourscore joined all the fire of youth to the experience of sixty campaigns. Count *Flemming*, since Minister of *Poland*, a great man both in the field and at the council-board, and Mr. *Patkul*, carried on the siege under the King's direction; the one with all the activity proper to his character, and the other with the utmost obstinacy of revenge. But notwithstanding several advantages which the besiegers had gained, the experience of the old Count *d'Alberg* rendred all their efforts fruitless, and the King of *Poland* despaired of gaining the town. He at last laid hold of an honourable opportunity of raising the siege. *Riga* was full of merchants goods belonging to the *Dutch*. The States General ordered their Ambassador attending upon King *Augustus*, to make proper representations of it to him. The King of *Poland* did not stand in need of much intreaty. He consented to raise the siege, rather than occasion the least damage to his allies, who were not mightily surprized at this excess of complaisance, as they knew the real cause of it.

No more then remained for *Charles XII.* to do, for the finishing his first campaign, than to march against his

his rival in glory, *Peter Alexiowitz*. He was the more enraged against him, as there were still three *Muscovite* Embassadors at *Stockholm*, who were ready to swear to the renewing an inviolable peace. He who valued himself upon a severe probity, could not comprehend how a Legislator like the Czar could make a jest of what ought to be held so sacred. The young Prince, full of honour, did not so much as dream, that there could be a different morality for Princes and private persons. The Emperor of *Muscovy* published a Manifesto, which he had much better have suppressed. He alledged for a reason of the war, that they had not paid him sufficient honours, when he passed *incognito* to *Riga*; and that they had sold provisions too dear to his Embassadors. These were the griefs, for which he ravished *Ingria* with a hundred thousand men.

He appeared before *Narva* at the head of this great army on the first of *October*, in a season more severe in that climate, than the month of *January* is at *Paris*. The Czar, who in such weather would sometimes ride post four hundred leagues to see a mine or canal, spared his troops no more than he spared himself. Besides, he knew that the *Swedes*, ever since the time of *Gustavus Adolphus*, would make war in the depth of winter as well as in summer, and he wanted to accustom the *Muscovites* also to lose all distinction of seasons, and to make them one day at least equal to the *Swedes*. Thus at a time when the frosts and snows oblige other nations in temperate climates to a suspension of arms, the Czar *Peter* laid siege to *Narva*, within thirty degrees of the pole, and *Charles XII.* was upon his march to relieve it.

The Czar was no sooner arrived before the place, than he made haste to put in practice what he had lately learnt abroad in his travels. He drew out his camp, fortified it on all sides, raised redoubts at cer-  
tain



tain distances, and opened the trench himself. He had given the command of his army to the *Duke de Croy* a German, and an able General, but at that time very little assisted by the *Muscovite* officers. For himself, he had only the rank of a single lieutenant in his own troops. He judged it necessary to give his nobility an example of military obedience, who 'till then had been undisciplinable, and accustomed to march at the head of ill armed slaves without any experience or order. He had a mind to teach them, that places in the army were to be obtained by services; he began himself with beating a drum, and was raised to an officer by degrees. 'Tis by no means to be wondered at, that he who at *Amsterdam* turned carpenter to procure himself fleets, should become a lieutenant at *Narva* to teach his nation the art of war.

The *Muscovites* are strong and indefatigable, and, it may be, as courageous as the *Swedes*; but it requires time to form experienced troops, and discipline to make them invincible. The only good soldiers in the army were thirty thousand *Streletsets*, who were in *Muscovy* what the *Janisaries* are in *Turky*. The rest were *Barbarians* forced from their forests, and covered over with the skins of wild beasts, some armed with arrows, and others with clubs; few of them had fuses, nor had any of them seen a regular siege; there was not one good cannoneer in the whole army. An hundred and fifty cannon, which one would have thought must have soon laid the little town of *Narva* in ashes, were scarce able to make a breach, whilst the artillery of the town destroyed every moment whole ranks in the trenches. *Narva* was almost without fortifications, and Count *Hoorn* who commanded there, had not a thousand regular troops; and yet this immense army was not able to reduce it in ten weeks.

On the 15th of *November*, the Czar had information that the King of *Sweden*, having crossed the sea with two hundred transports, was upon his march to relieve *Narva*. The *Swedes* were no more than twenty thousand; but the Czar had no advantage except superiority of number. Far therefore from despising his enemy, he employed all the art he had to oppress him; and, not content with an hundred thousand men, he was getting ready another army to oppose him, and check his progress. He had already given orders for near forty thousand recruits, who were coming up from *Plescow* with great expedition. He went in person to hasten their march that he might hem in the King between the two armies. Nor was this all; a detachment of thirty thousand men from the camp before *Narva*, were posted at a league's distance from the town, directly in the King of *Sweden*'s road: Twenty thousand *Streletses* were placed farther off upon the same road and five thousand others made up an advanced guard and he must necessarily force his way thro' the body of all these troops before he could reach the camp which was fortified with a rampart and double foss. The King of *Sweden* had landed at *Pernaw* in the Gulf of *Riga* with about sixteen thousand foot, and a few more than four thousand horse.

From *Pernaw* he had made a precipitate march as far as *Revel*, followed by all his horse, and only four thousand of his foot. But he still kept on his march without waiting for the rest of his troops; and soon found himself with his eight thousand men only before the first posts of the enemy. He without hesitation attacked them one after another without given them time to learn with how small a number they had to engage. The *Muscovites* seeing the *Swedes* come upon them, made no doubt but they had a whole army to encounter with; and the advanced guard of five thousand men immediately fled

upon

upon their approach. The twenty thousand beyond them, terrified with the sight of their countrymen, made no resistance; and carried their consternation and confusion among the thirty thousand, who were posted within a league of the camp; and the pannick seizing upon them too, they retired to the main body of the army without striking a blow. These three posts were carried in two days and an half; and what upon other occasions would have been reckoned three victories, did not retard the King's march the space of one hour. He appeared then at last with his eight thousand men, wearied with the fatigues of so long a march, before a camp of an hundred thousand *Muscovites*, with an hundred and fifty pieces of brass cannon in their front: And he scarce allow'd them any time for rest, before he gave his orders for the attack without delay.

The signal was *two fuses*, and the word in German, *With the aid of God*. A general officer having represented to him the great hazard of the attempt, *What, says he, do you make any question whether I with my eight thousand brave Swedes shall not rout a hundred thousand Muscovites?* But upon reflection, fearing there was too much ostentation in what he had said, he ran after the officer in a moment, *And are not you, says he, of the same opinion? have not I a double advantage over the enemy; the one, that their horse can be of no service to them, and the other, that the place being so strait, their great number will only incommode them, and thus in reality I shall be stronger than they?* The officer did not think fit to differ from him, and as they marched against the *Muscovites* about noon the 30th of November 1700.

As soon as the cannon of the Swedes had made a breach in the entrenchments, they advanc'd with their muskets at the end of their fuses, well loaded with powder, which they furiously discharged upon their enemies. The *Muscovites* stood their fire for half an hour,

hour, without quitting their posts. The King attack'd the Czar's quarter, which lay on the other side of the camp, and was in hopes of a rencounter, as not knowing that the Emperor was gone in quest of the forty thousand men, who were daily expected. Upon the first discharge of the enemy's shot, the King received a ball in his left shoulder, but it grazed only in a slight manner upon the flesh; his activity even hindred him from perceiving that he was wounded. Presently after his horse was kill'd under him. A second had his head carry'd off by a cannon ball. And as he was nimbly mounting a third, *These fellows, says he, make me exercise*, and then he went on to engage and give orders with the same presence of mind as before. Within three hours the entrenchments were carried on all sides. The King pursued the right of his enemy as far as the river of *Narva*, with his left wing, if one might properly call by that name, about four thousand men who were in pursuit of near fifty thousand. The bridge broke under them as they fled, and the river was in a moment covered with the dead. The rest in despair returned to their camp, without knowing whither they went; and finding certain barracks they took their posts behind them. There they defended themselves for a while, as not knowing how to make their escape. But at last their generals *Dorouky, Gollowin, and Fedorowitz*, surrender'd themselves to the King, and laid their arms at his Majesty's feet. And in the instant they were offering the Duke of *Croy*, the General of the army, came up to surrender himself with thirty officers.

*Charles* receiv'd all these prisoners of distinction with as easy a politeness, and as obliging an air, as if he had been to pay them the honours of an entertainment in his own court. He put only the general officers under a guard; all the subaltern officers and soldiers were disarm'd and conducted to the

ver of *Narva*, where they were furnished with boats to carry them over, and return them back to their own homes. In the mean time night came on, and the right wing of the *Muscovites* still continued fighting. The *Swedes* had not lost fifteen hundred men; eighteen thousand *Muscovites* had been killed in their intrenchments; a great number was drowned; many had passed the river; but still there remained enough in the camp to exterminate the *Swedes* even to the last man. But it is not the number of the dead, but the terror of those who survive, that gives the finishing stroke to the victories. The King employed the small remains of the day in seizing upon the enemy's artillery. He posted himself to advantage between their camp and the town, and there slept some hours on the ground, wrapt up in his cloak, expecting to fall at day-break upon the left wing of the enemy, which was not yet entirely routed. But at two o'Clock in the morning General *Wade*, who commanded that wing, having heard of the gracious reception the King had given to the other Generals, and how he had sent home all the subaltern officers and soldiers, desired he would grant him the same favour. The Conqueror made answer, *That he should give it, if he would draw near at the head of his troops, and lay down his arms and colours at his feet.* The General appeared soon after with his *Muscovites*, to the number of about thirty thousand. They marched soldiers and officers, with their Heads uncovered, cross less than seven thousand *Swedes*. The soldiers as they passed before him, threw down their fuses and swords upon the ground, and the officers presented them with their ensigns and colours. He caused the whole multitude to cross the river, without retaining a single soldier prisoner. If he had put them under guard, the number of the prisoners would at least have been five times greater than that of the conquerors.

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He then entered victorious into *Narva*, attended by the Duke of *Croy* and the other general officers of the *Muscovites*. He ordered their swords to be restored to them; and being informed, they wanted money, and that the tradesmen of *Narva* refused to trust them, he sent the Duke of *Croy* a thousand ducats, and every *Muscovite* officer five hundred, who could never sufficiently admire the civility of their treatment, of which they could not form to themselves the least idea. Immediately a relation of the victory was drawn up at *Narva*, to be sent to *Stockholm* and the allies of *Sweden*, but the King cut off with his own hand whatever was reported too much to his own advantage, or to the detriment of the Czar. His modesty could not hinder the striking at *Stockholm* several medals to perpetuate the memory of these events. Among the rest they struck one, which represented him on the one side standing on a pedestal, to which were chained a *Muscovite*, a *Dane*, and a *Polander*; and on the reverse an *Hercules* armed with his club, treading upon a *Cerberus*, with this inscription, TRES UNO CONTUDIT ICTU.

Among the prisoners taken at the battle of *Narva* there was one, who was a great instance of the revolutions of fortune. He was the eldest son and heir to the King of *Georgia*. They call him the Czarrafis, a name which signifies Prince, or son of Czar, amongst all the *Tartars*, as well as in *Muscovy*. For the word Czar signifies King among the antient *Scythians*, from whom all these people are descended and is by no means derived from the *Cæsars* of *Rome*, so long unknown to these *Barbarians*. His father *Mitelleski Czar*, who was master of the most beautiful part of the country, situate between the mountains of *Ararat* and the eastern coasts of the *Black Sea*, had been driven from his kingdom by his own subjects in 1688, and chose rather to throw himself into

I. the Arms of the Emperor of *Muscovy*, than apply to the *Turks*. This King's Son, at nineteen Years of age, attended upon *Peter* the Great, in his Expedition against the *Swedes*, and was taken fighting by some *Finland* Soldiers, who had already stripped him, and were upon the point of killing him. Count *Renschild* rescued him from their Hands, supplied him with Cloaths, and presented him to his Master. *Charles* sent him to *Stockholm*, where the unfortunate Prince died some few Years after. Upon his taking leave, the King could not avoid making aloud, in the hearing of his Officers, a natural reflection upon the strange Fate of an *Asiatick* Prince born at the foot of Mount *Caucasus*, who was going to live a Prisoner among the Snows of *Sweden*. *It is*, says he, *as if I was to be one Day a Prisoner among the Crim Tartars*. These Words at that time made no Impression, but were afterwards but too much thought on, when the event had confirmed the Prediction.

The Czar was advancing by long Marches with an Army of forty thousand *Russians*, in expectation of surrounding his Enemy on all sides. In the mid-way he had Intelligence of the Battle of *Narva*, and the Dispersion of his whole Camp. He judged it not convenient with his forty thousand, raw and undisciplined, to engage with a Conqueror, who had lately destroyed an hundred thousand intrenched in their Camp. He returned back from whence he came, still pursuing his Resolution of disciplining his Troops, at the same time that he civilized his Subjects. *I know*, says he, *the Swedes will long beat us, but in time they will teach us to beat them*. *Muscow*, his Capital, was in the most Terror and Desolation, at the news of this Disaster. And so great was the Pride and Ignorance of the People, that they could not be persuaded but that they had been conquered by more than human Power, and that the *Swedes* had been victorious by the Force of Magick. This Opinion was so general, that publick

publick prayers were ordered to be put up to St. Nicholas, the patron of *Muscovy*, upon the occasion. The form was too singular to be here omitted. It runs thus.

*O thou, who art our perpetual comforter in all our adversities, great St. Nicholas, infinitely powerful, be what sin have we offended thee in our sacrifices, genuflections, bowings and thanksgivings, that thou hast thus forsaken us? We have implored thy assistance against these terrible, insolent, enraged, dreadful, insuperable destroyers, when like lions and bears, who have lost their young, they have fallen upon us, terrified, wounded, and slain by thousands us who are thy people. As it is impossible this should have happened without diabolical influence and enchantment, we beseech thee, O great St. Nicholas, to be our champion and standard-bearer, to deliver us from this troop of sorcerers, and drive them far off from our coasts, with the recompence that is due unto them.*

Whilst the *Muscovites* were thus complaining of their defeat to St. Nicholas, Charles, XII. returned thanks to God, and prepared himself for fresh victories.

*The End of the First Book,*

T H

## H I S T O R Y

O F

## C H A R L E S X I I .

K I N G of S W E D E N .

## B O O K I I .

**T**HE King of *Poland* with reason expected that his enemy, already victorious over the *Danes* and the *Muscovites*, would co-vent his fury on him. He entered into a league more strict than ever with the Czar, and the two Princes agreed upon an interview, the better to contrive their measures. They met at *Bir*, a small town in *Lituania*, without any of those formalities, which serve only to retard business, and were neither agreeable to their situation nor their humour. They staid fifteen days together in the enjoyment of several extravagant pleasures; for the Czar, amidst his cares for the reformation of his kingdom, could never correct in himself his dangerous inclination to debauchery.

Count *Piper*, the King of *Sweden*'s principal minister, had the first information of the interview intended between the Emperor of *Muscovy* and the King of *Poland*. He advised his master to oppose to their measures, a little of that policy which he had hitherto

too much disregarded. *Charles XII.* listened to him, and for the first time gave consent to the use of intriguing, a practice so frequent in other courts. There was in the *Swedish* troops a young *Scotch* gentleman, who was one of those that leave their country, where they are very poor, in a lucky season, and are to be met with in all the armies of *Europe*. He spoke the *German* tongue extremely well, and could easily accommodate himself to whatever part he should undertake. Him therefore they chose to be a spy upon the conferences of the two Kings. He applied himself to the Colonel of the regiment of *Saxon* horse, who were to serve as guards to the *Czar* during the interview. He passed for a gentleman of *Brandenbourg*, and his address and certain well placed sums easily procured him a lieutenancy in the regiment. When he came to *Birsen* he artfully insinuated himself into the familiarity of the secretaries of the ministers, and was made a party in all their pleasures; and whether it was that he took the advantage of their indiscretion over a bottle, or that he gained them by presents, but he certainly drew from them all the secrets of their masters, and made haste to give an account of them to *Charles XII.*

The King of *Poland* had engaged to furnish the *Czar* with fifty thousand *German* troops, which they were to hire of several Princes, and the *Czar* was to pay for. And he on the other hand was to send fifty thousand *Muscovites* into *Poland*, to be trained to war, and promised to pay King *Augustus* three millions of \* rixdollars within the space of ten years. This treaty, if it had been executed, might have proved fatal to the King of *Sweden*. 'Twas ready and certain way to make the *Muscovites* good soldiers; and perhaps it was forging chains for the part of *Europe*.

\* A rixdollar is worth about as much as a *French* crown or three *Livres*.



*Charles XII.* used his utmost endeavours to prevent the King of *Poland* from reaping the benefit of this treaty. After he had passed the winter at *Narwa*, he appeared in *Livonia* near that very town of *Riga*, which King *Augustus* had so unsuccessfully besieged. The *Saxon* troops were posted along the river *Duna*, which is very broad in that place, and *Charles* was to dispute the passage as he lay on the other side the river. The *Saxons* were not commanded by their Prince, who then lay sick, but were headed by *Ferdinand* Duke of *Courland*, one of the bravest Princes in the north, and *Mareschal Stenau*, an officer of reputation. The King of *Sweden* had alone formed the plan of the passage, he was about to attempt. He caused great boats to be made after a new manner, whose sides were far higher than ordinary, and could be lifted up or let down, like a draw-bridge. When lift up, they covered the troops they carried; and when let down, they served as a bridge to land by. He made use likewise of another stratagem. Having observed that the wind blew directly from the north, where he lay, to the south, where his enemies were incamped, he set fire to a large heap of wet straw, which spreading a thick smoke over the river, hindred the *Saxons* from seeing his troops, or judging what he was about to do. By means of this cloud he sent out barks loaden with more of the same smoaking straw, so that the cloud increasing, and being driven by the wind directly in the face of his enemies, it made it impossible for them to know whether he was upon his passage or not. He alone conducted the execution of his scheme, and being got into the midst of the river, *Well*, says to General *Renchild*, *the Duna will be as good to us as the sea of Copenhagen; take my word for it, General we shall beat them.* He got to the other side in a quarter of an hour, and was vexed to find that three people had leapt ashore before him. He immediately

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landed

landed his cannon, and drew up his troops before the enemy, who were quite blinded with smok, and could not make any opposition but by a few random shot. And the wind having dispersed the mist, the Saxons saw the King of Sweden already upon his march against them.

Mareschal *Stenau* lost not a moment, but at the first appearance of the *Swedes* fell furiously upon them with the best part of his Horse. The violent shock of that troop falling upon the *Swedes* in the instant they were forming their battallions, threw them into disorder. They gave way, were broken, and pursued even into the river. The King of Sweden rallied them in a moment in the midst of the water, with as much ease, as if he had been making a review. The soldiers then, marching more close than before, beat back Mareschal *Stenau*, and advanced into the plain. The Duke of *Courland* finding his troops in consternation, made them retire very dexterously into a dry place, flanked with a morass, and a wood where his artillery lay. The advantage of the ground and the time he had given the *Saxons* to recover from their first surprize, restored them to their courage. *Charles* immediately fell upon them, having with him fifteen thousand men, and the Duke of *Courland* about twelve thousand. The battle was rough and bloody; the Duke had two horses killed under him and thrice penetrated into the midst of the King's guard; but being at last beat off his horse with a blow from a musket, his army fell into confusion and disputed the victory no longer. His cuirassier carried him off with great difficulty, all over bruised and half dead, from the thickest of the fight, and from under the Horses heels, which trampled on him.

The King of Sweden upon this victory makes haste to *Mitau*, the capital of *Courland*, and takes it. And the towns in the Duchy surrender to him at discre-

tion: It was rather a journey than a conquest. He passed without delay into *Lithuania*, and conquered where-ever he came. And he found a pleasing satisfaction, as he owned himself, when he entered the town of *Birsen* in triumph, where the King of *Poland* and the Czar had plotted his destruction but a few months before.

It was in this place that he laid the design of dethroning the King of *Poland* by the hands of the *Poles* themselves. As he was one day at table wholly taken up with the thoughts of this enterprize, and observing his usual sobriety, in a profound silence, appearing, as it were, buried in the greatness of his conceptions; a *German* Colonel, who waited upon him, said loud enough to be heard, that the meals which the Czar and the King of *Poland* had made in the same place were something different from those of his Majesty. *Yes*, says the King rising, *and I shall the more easily spoil their digestion.*

The usual guard of *Poland* is an army which ought always to subsist at the expence of the republick. It is made up of two bodies independent of each other; under two different Grand Generals. The first body is that of *Poland*, and should consist of six and thirty thousand men; the second to the number of twelve thousand is that of *Lithuania*. The two Grand Generals are independent of each other; and though they be nominated by the King, they never give an account of their actions to any but the republick, and have a supream authority over their troops. The colonels are absolute masters of their regiments, and it belongs to them to procure them sustenance as they can, and pay them. But as they are seldom paid themselves, they lay waste the country, and ruin the husbandmen to satisfy their own greediness, and that of their soldiers. The *Polsk* Lords appear in these armies with more magnificence than in their towns, and their tents are bet-

ter furnished than their houses. The horse which makes up two thirds of the army, is almost all composed of gentlemen, and is remarkable for the gracefulness of the riders, the beauty of the horses, and the richness of the accoutrements and harness.

Their *Gens d'Armes* especially, which they distinguish into *Houffarts* and *Pancernes*, march always attended by several valets, who lead their horses, which have ornamented bridles with plates of silver and silver nails, embroidered saddles, saddle-bows and stirrups gilt, and sometimes made of massy silver, with large housings trailing after the *Turkish* manner, whose magnificence the *Poles* strive to imitate as much as they can.

But how gorgeous soever the cavalry might appear, the foot were as wretched and ragged, ill cloathed and ill-armed, without proper furniture or any thing uniform; and yet these foot, who resemble the vagabound *Tartars*, support hunger and cold, fatigues and all the weights of war, with incredible resolution.

One may still observe in the *Polish* soldiers the character of the ancient *Sarmatæ* their ancestors, as little discipline, the same fury in the assault, the same readiness to run away and return to the battle, and the same cruel disposition to slaughter, when they are conquerors.

The King of *Poland* at first flattered himself that in his necessity these two armies would fight for him, that the *Polish* *Pospolite* would arm at his orders, and that all these forces joined to the *Saxons* his subjects and the *Muscovites* his allies, would make up a body, before which the small number of the *Swedes* would not venture to appear. But he saw himself almost on a sudden deprived of these succours by the very care he had taken to have them all together.

Accustomed in his hereditary dominions to absolute power, he too readily supposed that he could govern in *Poland* as in *Saxony*. The beginning of his reign raised malecontents. His first proceedings provoked the party which had opposed his election, and alienated almost all the rest. The *Poles* murmured to see their towns filled with *Saxon* garrisons, and their frontiers with *Muscovite* troops. The nation far more jealous of maintaining their own liberty, than concerned in disturbing their neighbours, did not look upon King *Augustus*' war with *Sweden*, and the invasion of *Livonia*, as an enterprize advantageous to the Republick. 'Tis not an easy matter to hinder a free nation from discerning their true interests. The *Poles* perceiving, that if this war undertaken without their consent should prove unsuccessful, their country lying open on all sides, would become a prey to the King of *Sweden*; and if it should succeed, they should be subdued by their own King, who being then master of *Livonia*, as well as *Saxony*, would enslave *Poland*, as it lies between those two countries, which are filled with fortified places. In this alternative, either of becoming slaves to the King whom they had elected, or of being ravished by *Charles XII.* who was justly incensed, they only raised an outcry against the war, which they judged to be rather declared against themselves, than against *Sweden*; and they looked upon the *Saxons* and *Muscovites* as the instruments of their chains. Upon the King of *Sweden*'s defeating all that had opposed his passage, and advancing with a victorious army into the Heart of *Lithuania*, they clamoured loud against their sovereign, and with so much the more freedom, because he was unfortunate.

*Lithuania* was then divided into two parties, that of the Princes *Sapieha*, and that of *Oginsky*. These two factions had begun from private quarrels, and degenerated into a civil war. The King of *Sweden*



drew over to his interest the Princes *Sapieha*; and *Oginsky*, being but badly assisted by the Saxons, found his party almost extinguished. The *Lithuanian* army, which these troubles and want of money had reduced to a small number, was in part dispersed by the conqueror. The few who held out for the King of *Poland*, were separated into small bodies of wandering troops, which over-ran the country, and subsisted by spoil. So that *Augustus* beheld nothing in *Lithuania*, but the weakness of his own party, the hatred of his subjects, and the army of the enemy conducted by a young prince, incensed, victorious and implacable.

There was indeed an army in *Poland*, but instead of six and thirty thousand men, the number prescribed by the laws, it consisted but of eighteen thousand. And it was not only ill-paid and ill-armed, but the Generals were undetermined what course they should take.

The King's best refuge was to order the Nobility to follow him; but he durst not expose himself to a refusal, which would have too much discovered his weakness, and consequently encreased it.

In this state of trouble and uncertainty, all the Palatinates of the Kingdom demanded a Diete of the King; in like manner as in *England* in times of difficulty, all the bodies of the State present addresses to the King, to desire him to call a Parliament. *Augustus* stood more in need of an army than a Diete, where the actions of Kings are examined. He was obliged however to call one, that he might not exasperate the nation beyond a possibility of reconciliation. A Diete therefore was appointed to meet at *Warsaw* on the second of *December* 1701. And he soon perceived that *Charles XII.* had at least as much power in the Assembly as himself. Those who held for the *Sapieha*, the *Lubomirsky* and their friends, the Palatine *Lesfinsky* Treasurer of the Crown, and above all,

all, the partizans of the Princes *Sobiesky*, were all secretly attached to the King of *Sweden*.

The most considerable enemy the King of *Poland* had, was Cardinal *Radjousky*, Archbishop of *Gnesna*, Primate of the Kingdom, and President of the Diete. He was a man full of artifice and reserve in his conduct; entirely governed by an ambitious woman, whom the *Swedes* called *Madame la Cardinale*, who never ceased to push him on to intrigue and faction. The Primate's talent lay chiefly in making his advantage of the conjunctures which fell in his way, without endeavouring to give rise to them. He would appear unresolved when he was most absolutely determined in his projects, seeking always to gain his ends by ways which seemed most opposite to them. King *John Sobiesky*, the predecessor of *Augustus*, had formerly made him Bishop of *Warmerlandt*, and Vice-chancellor of the Kingdom. And *Radjousky*, whilst a private Bishop, obtained the Cardinal's hat by the favour of the same Prince. This dignity soon opened him the way to the primacy; and this uniting in his person whatever is apt to impose upon others, he was in a condition to intrigue with impunity.

Upon the death of *John* he used his utmost endeavours to place Prince *James Sobiesky* upon the throne; but the torrent of hatred they bore to the father, though so great a man as he was, set aside the son. The Cardinal Primate then joined with the *Abbè de Polignac*, Embassador of *France*, to give the Crown to the Prince of *Conti*, who in reality was elected, but the money and troops of *Saxony* got the better of his eloquence. He at last suffered himself to be drawn into the party, which crowned the Elector of *Saxony*, and waited with impatience for an opportunity to sow division between the nation and the new King.

The victories of *Charles XII.* protector of Prince *James Sobiesky*, the civil war of *Lithuania*, the general

disaffections of all mens minds to King *Augustus*, gave the Cardinal hopes that the time was now come when he might be able to send back *Augustus* into *Saxony*, and open to the son of King *John* the way to the throne. This Prince, before, the innocent object of the *Poles* hate, was now become their idol from the time that King *Augustus* grew out of favour; but he durst not indulge himself in the thoughts of so great a revolution; and yet the Cardinal had insensibly laid the foundations of it.

He at first seemed desirous of reconciling the King with the Republick: He sent circular letters dictated in appearance by the spirit of concord and charity, usual and noted snares, but such as never fail to entrap. He wrote a pathetick letter to the King of *Sweden*, conjuring him in the name of him, whom all Christians equally adore, to give peace to *Poland* and her King. *Charles XII.* answered the Cardinal's intentions, more than his words. In the mean time he remained in the great Duchy of *Lithuania* with his victorious army, declaring that he would not disturb the Diete; that he made war against *Augustus* and the *Saxons*, and not against *Poland*; and that far from designing any thing against the Republick, he came to rescue it from oppression. These letters and these answers were for the publick. The emissaries which went and came continually from the Cardinal to Count *Piper*, and the private assemblies held at the prelate's house, were the springs that moved the Diete. They proposed to send an Embassy to *Charles XII.* and required with one consent of the King, that he should bring no more *Muscovites* upon their frontiers, and that he should send back the *Saxon* troops.

The bad fortune of *Augustus* had already done what the Diete demanded of him. The league secretly concluded with the *Muscovites* at *Birsen* was become as insignificant, as at first it had appeared formidable.

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He was far from being able to send the Czar the fifty thousand *Germans* he had promised to raise in the Empire. The Czar himself, a dangerous enemy to *Poland*, was at that time not very eager to assist with all his forces a divided Kingdom, from whence he was in hopes of reaping some spoils. He contented himself with sending twenty thousand *Muscovites* into *Lithuania*, who did more mischief there than the *Swedes*, flying continually before the conqueror, and ravaging the lands of the *Poles*, till at last being pursued by the *Swedish* Generals and finding nothing more to pillage, they returned by shoals to their own country. As for the scattered remains of the *Saxons* army beaten at *Riga*, King *Augustus* sent them to winter and recruit in *Saxony*, that this sacrifice, however involuntary, might soften the rage of the incensed *Poles*.

The war was then changed into intrigues, and the Diete divided into almost as many factions as there were *Palatines*. One day the interests of King *Augustus* prevail'd, and the next were proscribed. Every body cried out for liberty and justice, but no body knew what it was to be just or free. The time was spent in caballing in secret, and haranguing in publick. The Diete neither knew what they would, nor what they should, do. Great companies seldom agree upon proper counsels in times of civil broils, because the bold men in such assemblies are generally factious, and the men of probity timorous. The Diete broke up in disorder on the 17th of *February* 1702, after three months of caballing and irresolution. The Senators, who are the *Palatines* and the *Bishops*, remained at *Warsaw*. The Senate of *Poland* have a right to make laws provisionally, which the Dietes seldom disannul. This body being not so numerous, and used to business, was far less tumultuous, and came to a determination more quickly.

They agreed to send the embassy to the King of Sweden proposed in the Diete, that the *Pospolite* should mount their horses, and be ready upon all events. They made several regulations to appease the troubles in *Lithuania*, and still more to diminish the King's authority, tho' they had less reason to be afraid of it, than that of *Charles*.

*Augustus* chose rather to receive hard laws from his conqueror than his subjects. He determined to ask peace of the King of Sweden, and would have concluded a private treaty with him. But he was obliged to conceal this step from the Senate, whom he look'd upon as an enemy still more untractable. As the affair was delicate, he intrusted it wholly to the Countess of *Konismar*, a *Swedish* lady of great birth, to whom he was then attached. This lady, who was so famous in the world for her wit and beauty, was more capable than any minister whatever to give success to a negotiation. Besides, as she had an estate in *Charles XII*'th's dominions, and had liv'd long in his court, she had a plausible pretence of waiting upon him. She came then to the *Swedish* camp in *Lithuania*, and streight apply'd her self to Count *Piper*, who too lightly promised her an audience of his master. The Countess, among the perfections which rendered her one of the most agreeable persons in *Europe*, had a singular talent of speaking the languages of several countries, which she had never seen, and with as much propriety as if she had been born in them. She would sometimes amuse her self with writing *French* verses, which might easily have been mistaken for the composition of a person brought up at *Versailles*. She made some for *Charles XII*. which ought not to be forgotten in his history. She introduced the fabulous Gods, commending his different virtues; and the piece concluded thus, which (being render'd into *English*) is,



*The Hero's acts while other Gods proclaim,  
And praise, and promise him immortal fame;  
Silent sit Bacchus, and the Queen of Love.*

All her wit and charms were lost upon such a man as the King of Sweden, and he constantly refused to see her. But as he frequently rode out to take the air, she resolved to speak to him upon the road. And accordingly meeting him one day in a narrow road, she alighted out of her coach, as soon as she saw him. The King made her a low bow, without speaking one word to her, turned the bridle of his horse, and rode back in an instant. So that the Countess of *Konismar* gained no other advantage from her journey, but the satisfaction of believing that the King of Sweden feared no body but her.

The King of Poland was therefore obliged to throw himself into the arms of the Senate. He made them two proposals by the Palatine of *Mariembourg*; the one that they should leave to him the disposition of the army of the Republick, whom he would pay two quarters advance out of his own revenue; and the other, that they should allow him to bring twelve thousand Saxons back into Poland. The Cardinal Primate gave an answer as severe, as the answer of the King of Sweden. He told the Palatine of *Mariembourg* in the name of the Assembly, *That they were resolved to send an embassy to Charles XII. that their business now was to reconcile the King with Poland and Sweden; that it would be of no service to pay an army, which would not fight for him, without orders from the Republick; and for the Saxons, he would advise him to bring none into Poland.*

The King in this extremity was desirous of preserving at least the appearance of the royal authority. He sent one of his Chamberlains to *Charles*, to know of him, where and how his Swedish Majesty would  
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receive the embassy of the King his master and of the Republick. They had unhappily neglected to demand a pass-port for his Chamberlain to the *Swedes*. And the King of *Sweden* imprisoned him, instead of giving him audience, and said that he expected to receive an embassy from the Republick, and not from King *Augustus*.

*Charles* then leaving garrisons behind him in some towns of *Lituania*, advanced beyond *Grodno*, a place famous in *Europe* for the Dieties that are held there, but ill built and worse fortified.

At some miles from *Grodno* he met the embassy of the Republick, which consisted of five Senators. The *Waiwode Galesky*, and Count *Tarlo* who since died in *France*, were appointed to deliver it. The King gave them audience in his tent, with a pomp which he always disdained, but then thought necessary. A Lieutenant General with an hundred Drabans on horseback, who are the guards of the King of *Sweden*, went to meet the ambassadors; they lighted off their horses within fifty foot of the royal tent, and were conducted between two lines of guards under arms to a great antichamber. A Major General introduced them from thence into a very large chamber, where the ceiling, floors, and walls, were all cover'd with *Persian* Tapestry. The King received them upon a throne. He rose and took off his hat upon their first bowing; and then the King and the Embassadors being covered, the *Waiwode* spoke first, and Count *Tarlo* after him. Their discourses were full of caution and obscurity; they did not once pronounce the name of the King of *Poland*, as they were determined neither to speak in his favour, nor openly to complain of him, but only left him to guess at what they thought not proper to explain. *Charles* treated each Embassador in private with friendship and confidence. But when he came to give his answer to the Republick which sent them,

and

and which did not enter into his measures with a submission so ready as he expected, he told them by Count *Piper*, that he would give an answer at *Warsaw*.

The same day he marched towards that town. This march was preceded by a *Manifesto*, which the Cardinal and his party spread over *Poland* in eight days. By this writing *Charles* invited all the *Poles* to join their revenge with his, and pretended to shew that their interests and his were the same. They were notwithstanding very different; but the *Manifesto* supported by a great party, by the disorder of the Senate, and the approach of the conqueror, made very strong impressions. They were obliged to own *Charles* for their Protector, since he was resolved to be so, and it was well for them, that he contented himself with that title.

The Senators who opposed *Augustus*, published this writing aloud even before his face, and the few who adhered to him, kept silence. At last, when they heard that *Charles* was advancing by long marches, they all prepared in confusion to depart; the Cardinal left *Warsaw* one of the first; and the major part followed hastily; some fled to their own country seats waiting to see how things would terminate, and others to arm their friends. There remained with the King only the Embassadors of the Emperor and the Czar, the Pope's *Nuncio*, and some few Bishops and Palatines, who were attached to his fortune. He was forced to fly, and nothing yet had been decided in his favour. Before his departure he made haste to hold a Council with the small number of Senators, which still represented the Senate. But how zealous soever they were for his service, they were still *Poles*, and had all conceived so great an aversion to the *Saxon* troops, that they durst not allow him the liberty of bringing above six thousand men from thence for his defence; and they

they farther voted, that these six thousand men shou'd be commanded by the Grand General of *Poland*, and immediately sent home after the conclusion of a peace. As to the armies of the republick, they left the disposition of them to him.

Upon this resolution of the Council, the King left *Warsaw*, being too weak to oppose the enemy, and little satisfied with the conduct of his own party. He streight published his orders for assembling the *Pospolite*, and armies which were scarce any thing but a bare name. There was nothing to be hoped for out of *Lithuania*, where the *Swedes* were posted. And the army of *Poland* reduced to a small number of troops, wanted arms, provisions, and good will. The greatest part of the Nobility were intimidated, unresolved, or ill-disposed, and confined themselves to their own houses: Their King in vain, though authorized by the laws of the State, gave orders under the pain of death to every gentleman in the country to appear on horseback and follow him. It was now become a dispute, whether they owed him obedience. His chief dependence was upon the troops of his Electorate, where the form of government, being intirely absolute, left him under no apprehensions of being disobey'd. He had already privately given orders for twelve thousand *Saxons*, who were upon their march with all possible speed. He farther recalled the eight thousand he had promised to the Emperor to assist him in his wars against *France*, and which in the necessity he was reduced to, he was obliged to withdraw. This introduction of so many *Saxons* into *Poland*, was a sure means of alienating all mens affections; as it was a violation also of the law made by his own party, which allowed him but six thousand: But he knew very well, that if he was conqueror, they durst not complain; and if he was conquered, they would never forgive his having introduced even six thousand.

While

Whilst these soldiers were marching up in troops, whilst he was flying from Palatinate to Palatinate to assemble the Nobility that adhered to him, the King of *Sweden* at last arrived before *Warsaw*, on the 4th of *May* 1702. The gates were opened to him upon the first summons. He sent away the *Polish* garrison, dismissed the city guard, every where posted guards of his own, ordered the inhabitants to bring in their arms, and content with having disarmed them, and not willing to exasperate them, he demanded no more of them than a contribution of an hundred thousand livres. King *Augustus* was then getting together his forces at *Cracow*, and was much surprised to see the Cardinal Primate one of the company. That man, whose heart burnt within him to finish the work he had began, pretended to keep up the decency of his character to the last, and to dethrone his King with all the respectful behaviour of a good subject. He told him that the King of *Sweden* appeared disposed to a reasonable accommodation, and humbly begged leave that he might attend him. King *Augustus* granted him what he could not refuse, that is, the liberty of doing him a mischief.

The Cardinal Primate, thus covering the baseness of his conduct, by the addition of treachery, made haste to visit the King of *Sweden*, before whom he had never yet ventured to present himself. He saw his Majesty at *Praag*, not far from *Warsaw*, but without the ceremonies, which had been used towards the Embassadors of the Republick. He found the Conqueror clad in a coat of coarse blue cloath, with brass buttons gilt, jack-boots, and buff-skin gloves that reach'd up to his elbows, in a room without hangings, in company with the Duke of *Holstein* his brother-in-law, Count *Piper* his first Minister, and several general officers. The King advanced some steps to meet the Cardinal, and they had a conference together



gether standing, of about a quarter of an hour, which *Charles* put an end to by saying aloud, *I will never give the Poles peace, till they have elected another King.* The Cardinal, who waited for this declaration, immediately signified it to all the Palatinates, assuring them he was extremely concerned at it, and at the same time laying before them the necessity of complying with the Conqueror.

Upon this news the King of *Poland* saw plainly, that he must either lose his crown or preserve it by arms; and he used his utmost efforts to succeed in that great decision. All his *Saxon* troops were arrived from the frontiers of *Saxony*. The Nobility of the Palatinate of *Cracow*, where he still remained, came in a body to offer him their services. He in person exhorted every one of these gentlemen to remember the oaths they had taken, and they assured him that they would spill the last drop of their blood in his defence. Fortified with these succours, and the troops which were called the army of the crown, he went for the first time to seek in person the King of *Sweden*; and he was not long before he found him, for he was already marching against him towards *Cracow*.

The two Kings met on the 19th of *July* 1702, in a large plain near *Clissau*, between *Warsaw* and *Cracow*. *Augustus* had near four and twenty thousand men, and *Charles XII.* not above twelve thousand. The battle began with the playing of the artillery. Upon the first volley which was discharged by the *Saxons*, the Duke of *Holstein* who commanded the *Swedish* horse, a young Prince of great courage and virtue, received a cannon-ball in the reins. The King enquired if he was dead, and was told that he was; he made no answer, but the tears fell from his eyes; and then covering his face for a moment with his hands, on a sudden he spurred his horse

horse with a fury, and rushed into the thickest of the enemy, at the head of his guards.

The King of *Poland* did all that could be expected from a Prince who was fighting for his crown. He thrice led up his troops in person to the charge; but the ascendant of *Charles XII.* carried it, and gained a compleat victory. The enemy's camp, colours, and artillery, and *Augustus'* war-chest, were left to him. He made no stay upon the field of battle, but marched strait to *Cracow*, pursuing the King of *Poland*, who fled before him.

The citizens of *Cracow* were bold enough to shut their gates upon the Conqueror. He caused them to be burst open, and took the castle by assault. His soldiers, the only men in the world who could abstain from pillage after a victory, did not offer the least ill-treatment to any one citizen; but the King made them pay sufficiently for the rashness of their resistance, by raising upon them excessive contributions.

He departed from *Cracow* in the full resolution of pursuing *Augustus* without intermission; but within some miles from the city his horse fell under him, and broke his thigh. They were obliged to carry him back to *Cracow*, where he was confin'd to his bed for six weeks in the hands of his surgeons. This accident gave *Augustus* leisure to breathe a little. He caused it immediately to be spread throughout *Poland* and *Germany*, that *Charles XII.* was killed by his fall. This false report, which was credited for some time, filled all mens minds with astonishment and uncertainty. In this small interval he assembles all the orders of the Kingdom at *Marienburg*, and then *Cracow*, who had before been called together to *domir*.

In the mean time *Charles XII.* recovered of his wound, and overturned all before him. Always fixt in his resolution of forcing the *Poles* themselves to dethrone

dethrone their King, by the intrigues of the Cardinal Primate, he caused an assembly to be called together at *Warsaw* to oppose that at *Lublin*. His Generals represented to him that the affair might thus be protracted to a tedious length, and at length vanish in delays; that during this time the *Muscovites* were daily engaging with the troops he had left behind in *Livonia* and *Ingria*, and that the event was not always favourable to the *Swedes*, and that his presence there in all probability would very soon become necessary. *Charles*, who was as steady in the execution of his projects, as he was brisk in his actions, answered, *Though I were to stay here fifty years, I would not leave the place till I had dethroned the King of Poland.*

Having augmented his victorious troops with five thousand horse and eight thousand foot, which he received from *Sweden*, he marched against the remains of the *Saxon* army he had beaten at *Cliffau*, which had gained time to rally and recruit, whilst his fall from his horse had confined him to his bed. This army shunn'd his approach, and retired towards *Prussia* on the north-west of *Warsaw*. The river *Bug* lay between him and his enemies. *Charles* swam over it at the head of his horse, whilst the foot went to seek a ford somewhat higher. On May 1. 1709 he came up with the *Saxons* at a place called *Pultwa*. They were commanded by General *Stenau* to the number of about ten thousand. The King of *Sweden* in his precipitate march had brought no more along with him, being confident that a less number would have sufficed. The terror of his arms was so great, that one half of the *Saxon* army ran away at his approach, without staying for the battle. General *Stenau* stood firm for a while with two regiments, but the moment after, he was drawn along in the general flight of his army, which was dispersed before it was conquered. The *Swedes* did not

take a thousand prisoners, nor kill six hundred men, having more difficulty in pursuing than defeating them.

*Augustus* who had nothing left him but the scattered remains of the *Saxons* beaten on all sides, retired in all haste to *Thorn*, a town of royal *Prussia*, situate upon the *Weissel*, and under the protection of *Poland*. *Charles* immediately prepared to besiege it. The King of *Poland* not thinking himself secure, withdrew into *Saxony*. In the mean time *Charles*, who made nothing of so many brisk marches, swimming of rivers, and burrying along with his foot mounted behind his horse, was not able to bring his cannon before *Thorn*; but was obliged to wait till it was sent him from *Sweden* by sea.

Whilst he was waiting for it, he took up his quarters within some miles of the town, and would not advance too near the ramparts, to view it. The plain dress he always wore was of greater service to him than he had ever imagined in these dangerous walks. It hindered him from being taken notice of, and pointed out by the enemy, as a person to be bugled at. One day having approached very near with one of his Generals named *Lieven*, who was dress'd in scarlet trimm'd with gold, and fearing lest the General should be perceived, he strait ordered him to walk behind him, moved by that magnanimity so natural to him, which even hindered him from remarking that he exposed his own life to a manifest danger to save that of his subject.

*Lieven* discerning his error too late in having put on a remarkable habit, which exposed also those that were with him, and fearing equally for the King in whatever place he was, hesitated a while whether he ought to obey him; in the moment while this doubt lasted, the King takes him by the arm, puts himself before him, and hides him; at the same instant a cannon-ball, which came in flank, struck the

Gene-

General dead upon that very spot which the King had scarce quitted. The death of this man, killed directly in his stead, and because he had a mind to save him, contributed not a little to confirm him in the notion he ever held of absolute predestination, and made him believe, that his fate, which protected him in so singular a manner, reserved him for the execution of greater things.

Every thing succeeded with him, and his negotiations and his arms were equally fortunate. He was in a manner present throughout all *Poland*; for his grand Marechal *Renchild* was in the heart of those dominions with a great body of the army. Near thirty thousand *Swedes* under different Generals, dispersed towards the north and the east upon the frontiers of *Muscovy*, withstood the efforts of the whole empire of *Russia*; and *Charles* was in the west at the other end of *Poland*, at the head of best part of his troops.

The King of *Denmark*, tied down by the treaty of *Travendal*, which his weakness hindered him from breaking, continued silent. The Elector of *Brandenbourg*, who had acquired the title of King of *Prussia*, without any increase of power, durst not express his disgust at seeing the King of *Sweden* so near his dominions. His grandfather had been deprived of the best part of *Pomerania* by *Gustavus Adolphus*. And he had no security for the rest, but the moderation of *Charles*. Farther towards the south-west between the rivers of *Elbe* and *Wefer* lay the Duchy of *Bremen*, the last territory of the antient conquest of the *Swedes*, filled with strong garrisons, which opened to the conqueror the gates of *Saxony* and the *Empire*. Thus from the *German* ocean almost to the mouth of the *Boristhenes*, which makes the breadth of *Europe*, and to the gates of *Muscow*, all was in consternation, and every moment expecting an entire revolution. His vessels were masters of the *Baltic*



and employed in transporting prisoners from *Poland* into his own country. *Sweden* alone was calm in the midst of these great emotions, tasting the sweets of a profound peace, and enjoying the glory of her King, without bearing the weight of it; since his victorious troops were paid and maintained at the expence of the conquered.

In this general silence of the north before the arms of *Charles XII.* the town of *Dantzick* ventured to disoblige him. Fourteen frigates and forty transport vessels were bringing the King a supply of six thousand men, with cannon and ammunition, to finish the siege of *Thorn*. These succours must necessarily pass up the *Weissel*. At the mouth of this river lies *Dantzick*, a rich and free town, enjoying with *Elbing* and *Thorn* the same privileges in *Poland*, as the imperial towns have in *Germany*. Its liberty had been attacked by turns, by the *Danes*, the *Swedes*, and some *German Princes*, and was preserved only by the jealousy which these powers had of each other. Count *Steinbock*, one of the *swedish* Generals, assembled the *Magistrates* in the King's name, demanded a passage for the troops, and offered to buy powder of them and some ammunition. The magistrates, by an usual imprudence in those who treat with their superiors in strength, durst neither absolutely refuse, nor expressly grant what he demanded. General *Steinbock* would not let them give by force more than he had asked; but farther exacted from the town a contribution of one hundred thousand crowns by way of recompence for their imprudent denial. At last the requests, the cannon and ammunition being arrived before *Thorn*, the siege was begun on the 22d of September.

*Loewel*, governour of the place, defended it a month with a garrison of five thousand men. And then was forced to surrender at discretion. The garrison were made prisoners of war, and sent into *Sweden*.

*Sweden.* *Roxel* was presented to the King unarmed. His Majesty, who never lost an opportunity of doing Honour to merit in his Enemies, gave him a Sword with his own hand, made him a considerable present in money, and sent him away upon his Parole. The Honour the Town of *Thorn* had, in having formerly produced *Copernicus* the Founder of the true System of the World, had no influence upon a Conqueror too little conversant in such matters, and who knew how to reward nought else but Valour. This petty Town was condemned to pay forty thousand Crowns! an excessive Contribution for such a place.

*Elbing* a Town built upon an arm of the *Weissel* founded by the *Teutonic* Knights, and also annexed to *Poland*, did not make a proper Advantage for the *Dantzickers* mistake, but hesitated too long about giving passage to the *Swedish* Troops. and was more severely punished than *Dantzick*. *Charles* entered there in Person on the 13th of *December* at the Head of four thousand Men armed with Bayonets at the ends of their Muskets. The Inhabitants in a fright threw themselves upon their knees in the streets, and begged for Mercy. He took from them all their Arms, lodged his Soldiers in their Houses, and then having called the Magistrates together, obliged them to render that very Day a Contribution of two hundred and sixty thousand Crowns. There were in the Town two hundred Pieces of Cannon, and four hundred thousand weight of Gun-powder, upon which he relied. The gaining a Victory would not have brought him so many Advantages. All these Successes were forerunners to the dethroning of King *Augustus*.

The Cardinal had scarce taken an oath to his King that he would attempt nothing against him, before he went to the Assembly at *Warsaw*, but still under the pretence of Peace. He was attended by thirty thousand Soldiers raised upon his own Estate, but when coming thither talked of nothing but concord

obedience. At last he threw off the Mask, and on the 14th of February 1704, declared in name of the Assembly, Augustus *Elect* of Saxony *incapable of wearing the crown of Poland*. They then pronounced with a common voice, that the Throne was vacant. The Session of that day was not yet ended, when a Courier from the King of Sweden brings a letter from his Majesty to the Assembly. The Cardinal opens the letter, which contained an order in form of a request, *elect Prince James Sobiesky for their King*. They were disposed to obey with Joy, and fixed the day of the Election. The Prince was then at *Breslau* in *Silesia*, waiting with impatience for the Crown, which his Father had wore. He was complimented upon it, and some Flatterers had even already given him the Title of Majesty, in speaking to him. As he was one day hunting at some leagues off from *Breslau* with Prince *Constantine* one of his Brothers, thirty Saxon Horsemen, sent privately by King *Augustus*, break out of a sudden upon them from a neighbouring Wood, surround the two Princes, and carry them off without resistance. Fresh Horses stood ready at a distance, upon which they were immediately carried to *Lipsick*, and close confined. This at once broke all the Measures of *Charles*, the Cardinal, and the Assembly at *Warsaw*. Fortune, which makes sport with crowned Heads, threw King *Augustus* almost at the same time upon the point of being taken himself. He was at dinner within three leagues of *Cracow*, relying upon an advanced guard posted at some distance, when General *Rechberg* came suddenly upon him, after having carried off the Guard. The King of *Poland* had but just time to get on horseback with ten others. General *Rechberg* pursued him four days, ready to seize upon him every moment. The King fled to *Sandomir*, the Swedish General followed him thither; and

was a singular piece of good fortune, that he made his escape.

In the mean time the King's party treated that of the Cardinal, and were reciprocally treated by them, as traitors to their country. The army of the crown was divided between the two factions. *Augustus* forced at last to accept of succours from the *Muscovites*, repented that he had not applied to them sooner. Sometimes he marched into *Saxony*, where his forces were exhausted; and sometimes he would return into *Poland*, where they durst not assist him. On the other side the King of *Sweden* reigned in *Poland* calm and victorious; and more absolutely than *Augustus* had ever done.

Count *Piper*, who was as much of a politician, as his master was of a hero, laid hold of the opportunity to advise *Charles XII.* to take upon himself the crown of *Poland*. He represented to him how easily he might bring it about with a victorious army, and a powerful party in the heart of a kingdom, which he had already brought under subjection. He tempted him with the of *Defender of the Evangelical Religion*, a name which flattered the ambition of *Charles*. It was easy for him, he said, to do in *Poland* what *Gustavus Vasa* had done in *Sweden*; to introduce *Lutheranism*, and break the chains of the people, now slaves to the Nobility and Clergy. *Charles* gave way to the temptation for a moment; but glory was his idol. He sacrificed his interest to it, and the pleasure he would have had in taking *Poland* from the Pope. He told Count *Piper*, that he liked better to give away Kingdoms than gain them, and added smiling, *You were made for the Minister of an Italian Prince.*

*Charles* lay still near *Thorn*, in that part of *Russia* which belongs to *Poland*; he thence observed all that was transacted at *Warsaw*, and kept the neighbouring powers in awe. Prince *Alexander*, bro

of the two *Sobieskys*, who were carried off in *Silesia*, came to demand vengeance of him. The King promised it him the more readily, as he judged it easy, and that he should be thereby revenged himself. But being impatient to give *Poland* a King, he offered the throne to Prince *Alexander*, which fortune seemed bent to deny to his brother. He did not in the least expect a refusal. But Prince *Alexander* told him, that nothing should ever engage him to make an advantage of his eldest brother's misfortune. The King of *Sweden*, Count *Piper*, all his friends, and especially the young Palatine of *Poznania*, *Stanislaus Lecfinsky*, pressed him to accept of it. But he continued firm in his resolution. The neighbouring Princes were astonished at the news, and knew not whom they should admire most; a King of *Sweden*, who at two and twenty years old gave away the crown of *Poland*, or Prince *Alexander*, who refused to accept it.

*The End of the Second Book.*



T H E  
H I S T O R Y  
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C H A R L E S X I I .  
K I N G of S W E D E N .  
B O O K I I I .

**Y**OUNG *Stanislaus Lecfinsky* was then deputed by the assembly at *Warsaw* to give an account to the King of *Sweden* of several differences which had arose among them since Prince *James* was carried away. *Stanislaus* had a very engaging aspect full of bravery and sweetness, with an air of probity and openness, which is doubtless the greatest of all outward advantages, and adds a greater weight to words than eloquence it self. The discretion with which he spoke of King *Augustus*, of the assembly, the Cardinal Primate, and the different interests which divided *Poland*, made an impression upon *Charles XII.* He was a Prince that understood mankind exceedingly well, and had succeeded in the choice he had made of his Generals and Ministers. He designedly prolonged the conference, that he might the better find the genius of the young deputy. And after the audience he said aloud, *That he had not seen a man so fit to reconcile all parties.* He strait made enquiry into the character of the *Palatine Lecfinsky*; and was informed

informed that he was a person of great courage and inured to fatigue; that he lay constantly upon a kind of straw mattress, requiring no service of his domesticks about his person; that he was of a temperance before unknown to that climate; liberal, and adored by his vassals; and the only Nobleman perhaps in *Poland*, who had any friends, at a time when no regard was paid to any ties but those of interest and faction.

This character, which in many particulars resembled his own, determined him entirely. He advised with no body, but without any caballing, or even publick deliberation, he said to two of his Generals, shewing them *Lecfinsky*, *See there is the King whom the Poles shall have.*

His resolution was fixt, and *Stanislaus* as yet knew nothing of the matter, when the Cardinal Primate came to wait upon *Charles*. The Prelate was King during the *interregnum*, and was desirous of prolonging his transient authority. *Charles* asked him whom he thought in *Poland* deserving of the crown. I know but three, answered the Cardinal. The first is the Prince *Sapieha*; but his imperious, cruel and despotick humour will never agree well with a free people. The second is *Lubormisky*, Grand General of the crown; but he is too old, and is farther suspected of loving money too much. The third is the Palatine of *Posnania*, more deserving indeed than the other two, if his want of experience did not render him incapable of governing so capricious a nation. The Cardinal thus excluded all whom he proposed, and would have them believed unfit to reign, whom he had pronounced alone worthy of it. The King of *Sweden* concluded the conversation by telling him, that *Stanislaus Lecfinsky* should be their King.

The Cardinal had scarce left the King, before he received a courier from the lady, who was absolute

over him. She told him in her Letter, that she was resolved to marry her Daughter to the Son of *Lubormisky*, and conjured him to employ all his Interest with the King to give the Crown of *Poland* to the Father. The Letter came too late, the Cardinal had given Impressions of *Lubormisky*, as he could never efface. He used his utmost address to draw the King of *Sweden* insensibly into the new Interest which he embraced, and strove more especially to divert him from the Choice of *Stanislaus*. *But what have you,* says the King, *to object against him?* Sir, says the Prelate, he is too young. The King drily answered, *He is much about my Age*, turned his back upon the Prelate, and immediately dispatched Count *Hoorn* to signify to the Assembly at *Warsaw*, that they must elect a King in five Days, and that they must chuse *Stanislaus Leszinsky*. Count *Hoorn* arrived upon the 7th of *July*, and fixed the Day of the Election to the 12th, as if he had ordered the decampment of a Battalion. The Cardinal Primate, disappointed of the Fruit of so many Intrigues, returned to the Assembly, where he left no stone unturned to make the Election, wherein he had no share, prove abortive. But the King of *Sweden* coming himself *incognito* to *Warsaw*, he was obliged to be silent. All that the Primate could do was to absent himself from the Election; he determined to act as neuter, without appearing to assist or oppose the Resolution of the King of *Sweden*, carrying himself even between *Augustus* and *Stanislaus*, and waiting for an opportunity of prejudicing them both.

On *Saturday* the 12th of *July*, the day appointed for the Election, about three in the afternoon the Assembly met at *Colo*, the Place designed for the Ceremony, and the Bishop of *Posnania* presided instead of the Primate. He came attended with several Persons of Distinction, and a large body of Gentlemen of the party. The King of *Sweden* mixt with them, that

he might in secret enjoy the fruits of his power. Count *Hoorn* and two other general officers assisted publicly at the solemnity, as Embassadors extraordinary from *Charles* to the Republick. The session lasted till nine in the evening; and the Bishop of *Poznan* put an end to it by declaring in the name of the Diet, *Stanislaus* elected King of Poland. *Charles XII.* was the first in the crowd to cry out *Vivat*; they threw up their hats into the air, and the noise of the acclamations quite stifled the cries of the opposers.

The name of King made no alteration in the manners of *Stanislaus*; it only caused him to turn his thoughts somewhat more towards war. A storm had placed him upon the throne, and another might drive him thence. He had one half of his Kingdom yet to conquer, and was to secure himself in the other; and being treated as a Sovereign at *Warsaw*, and a rebel at *Sandomir*, he prepared, by force of arms, to make himself acknowledged by all the world.

*Charles XII.* immediately departed from *Warsaw* to go finish the conquest of *Poland*. He had fixed the general rendezvous of his army before *Leopold*, the capital of the great Palatinate of *Russia*, a place considerable in it self, and much more so for the riches it contained. It was thought that it would hold out fifteen days, by means of the fortifications which King *Augustus* had made there. The Conqueror sat down before it on *September 5*, and the next day carried it by assault; and all that resisted were put to the sword. The victorious troops, who were now masters of the town, did not disband to run after pillage, notwithstanding the report of the treasures which were in *Leopold*; but ranged themselves in order of battle in the great square. There the remains of the garrison came to surrender themselves prisoners of war. The King then proclaim'd his orders by sound of trumpet, that all the inhabi-

tants who had any effects belonging to King *Augustus* or his adherents, should bring them in person before night came on, under pain of death. The measures were so well taken, that few ventured to disobey him, and they brought his Majesty four hundred chests filled with gold and silver coin, plate and other things of value.

The beginning of *Stanislaus's* reign was almost the same day made remarkable by a very different event. Some affairs which absolutely required his presence had obliged him to continue at *Warsaw*. He had with him his mother, his wife, and his two daughters, of which the youngest was then but a year old, and has since been Queen of *France*. The Cardinal Primate, the Bishop of *Posnania*, and some great men of *Poland* made up his new court. His guards consisted of six thousand *Polanders* of the army of the crown, who were lately brought over into his service; and whose fidelity he had not yet made trial of. General *Hoorn*, the Governour of the town, had not with him besides above fifteen hundred *Swedcs*. They were at *Warsaw* in perfect tranquillity, and *Stanislaus* reckoned to depart thence in a few days to go to the conquest of *Leopold*: When all of a sudden he received information, that a numerous army was drawing near to the town. This was King *Augustus*, who by a fresh effort, and one of the finest marches that ever General made, having eluded the King of *Sweden*, was coming up with twenty thousand men, to fall upon *Warsaw*, and carry off his rival.

*Warsaw* was very ill fortified, and the *Polish* troops, who defended it, were not to be relied on. *Augustus* had intelligences within the town; and if *Stanislaus* tarried, he was sure to be undone. He sent his family therefore into *Posnania*, under the guard of those *Polish* troops, in whom he could put most confidence. The Cardinal Primate fled one of the first



first to the frontiers of *Prussia*. Several gentlemen took different roads. The new King went directly to *Charles XII.* learning early to suffer disgrace, and forced to quit his capital within six weeks after he had been there advanced to the sovereignty. The Bishop of *Posnania* alone could not escape, being confined to *Warsaw* by a dangerous illness. One part of the six thousand *Polanders* followed *Stanislaus*, and another conducted his family. They sent those into *Posnania*, whose fidelity they wou'd not expose to the temptation of returning into the service of King *Augustus*. As to General *Hoorn*, who was Governor of *Warsaw* in the name of the King of *Sweden*, he took up his residence in the castle with his fifteen hundred *Swedes*.

*Augustus* entered the capital as a Sovereign incensed and victorious. Every inhabitant was taxed beyond his abilities, and ill treated by the soldiers. The Cardinal's palace and all the houses of the confederate Lords with all their possessions both in town and country, were given up to plunder. Count *Hoorn* stood the constant fire of the enemy in the castle, wherein he was enclosed; but the place at last being no longer able to hold out, he was forced to beat a parley, and remained prisoner of war, with his fifteen hundred *Swedes*. This was the first advantage that King *Augustus* gained, in the torrent of his ill fortune, against the victorious arms of his enemy.

Count *Hoorn*, released upon his parole, came to *Leopold*, within a small time after *Stanislaus*. He took the liberty of complaining a little to the King of *Sweden*, that his Majesty had not relieved *Warsaw*. He not under much concern about it, my dear Count, says the King) we must let King *Augustus* do something by way of amusement, or otherwise he would grow tired of having us so long in his neighbourhood; but take my word for it, he shall not be the better for this advantage.

The conqueror, accompanied by King *Stanislaus*,

went in quest of his enemy at the head of the best part of his troops. The *Saxon* army fled constantly before him. The towns for thirty miles round sent him their keys, and no day passed which was not signalized with some advantages. Successes began to grow too familiar to *Charles*. He said it was rather hunting than fighting, and complained of not buying a victory.

*Augustus* committed the care of his army for some time to Count *Shullemburg*, a very able General; and indeed he stood in need of all his experience at the head of an army under such discouragements. He was under more concern to preserve his master's troops, than to conquer; he acted by stratagem, and the two Kings with vigour. He marched off unknown to them, seized upon advantageous passages, and sacrificed some horse, to give time to his foot to retire with safety.

After several artifices and countermarches he found himself near *Punitz* in the Palatinate of *Posnania*, imagining that the King of *Sweden* and King *Stanislaus* were above fifty leagues off from him. But coming thither, he learnt that the two Kings had marched those fifty leagues in nine days, and were ready to fall upon him with ten or twelve thousand horse. *Shullemburg* had not a thousand horse, nor above eight thousand foot, and was to keep his ground against a superior army, the name of the King of *Sweden*, and the natural fears which so many defeats had raised in the *Saxons*. He was ever of opinion, though opposed in it by the *German* Generals, that the foot might stand against the horse in an open campaign, even without the benefit of *Chevaux de Frise*; and he ventured to make trial of it that day against the victorious horse commanded by the two Kings, and the most experienced of the *Swedish* Generals. He posted himself so advantageously, that he could not be surrounded; his first rank bent one knee upon the ground,

ground, and was armed with Pikes and Fuses; the Soldiers stood extremely close, and presented to the Enemies horse a kind of rampart pointed with Pikes and Bayonets; the second rank bending a little upon the shoulders of the first, fired over their Heads, and the third standing upright, fired at the same time behind the other two. The *Swedes* fell upon the *Saxons* with their usual impetuosity, who waited for them unshaken; the discharge of the Muskets, the Pikes and Bayonets startled the Horses, and set them capering instead of advancing. By this means the *Swedes* made their Attack in disorder, and the *Saxons* defended themselves by keeping their ranks.

If *Charles* had ordered his Horsemen to alight, the Army of *Shullembourg* must have been inevitably destroyed. There was nothing the General was so much afraid of, and he every moment expected that the Enemy would have taken that resolution. But neither the King of *Sweden*, who had so often practised all the Stratagems of War, nor any of his Generals ever thought of it. This unequal Fight of a Body of Horse against the Foot, though often interrupted and renewed, lasted three hours. The *Swedes* lost more Horses than Men. *Shullembourg* at last gave way, but his Troops were not broken. He drew them up into an oblong Battalion, and, though he had received five Wounds in the Engagement, he retired in good order in this form about midnight to the small town of *Gurau*, within three leagues of the field of battle. And he scarce began to breathe in that Place, before the two Kings appeared suddenly at his Heels.

Beyond *Gurau*, towards the River *Oder*, lay a thick Wood, through which the *Saxon* General led his fatigued Army. The *Swedes* without pausing pursued him through the Thickets of the Wood, making their way with difficulty through Places which were scarce passable by People on foot; and the *Saxons* had not crossed the Wood above five hours before the *Swedish*

horie. On the other side the wood runs the river *Parts* at the foot of a village named *Rutsen*. *Shullemburg* had sent before in all haste to get the boats together, and carried his troops across the river, which were already half lost. *Charles* was come to one side of the river by that time *Shullemburg* had got to the other. No General ever retreated with so much art, nor did ever conqueror so briskly pursue his enemy. The reputation of *Shullemburg* depended upon his escaping from the King of *Sweden*, and the King thought his glory concerned in taking *Shullemburg* and the rest of his army. He lost no time, but swam his horse cross the river. And thus the *Saxons* were enclosed between the river *Parts*, and the great river of *Oder*, which has its source in *Silesia*, and is in this place very deep and rapid.

The loss of *Shullemburg* appeared inevitable; he still strove all he could to extricate himself from this extremity by one of those turns of art, which are as valuable as victories, and the more glorious, because fortune has no share in them. He had not above four thousand men left; a mill, which he filled with grenadiers, lay on his right hand, and a morass on his left; he had a *Fosse* before him, and his rear guard was upon the banks of the *Oder*. He had no bridges of boats to throw over the river, but in the evening gave orders for planks. *Charles* upon his arrival immediately attacks the mill in full persuasion that, after he had taken it, the *Saxons* must either perish in the river, or die sword in hand, or at least surrender themselves prisoners at discretion with their General. In the mean while the planks were got ready, and the *Saxons* passed the *Oder* over them in the night; and when *Charles* had forced the mill, he found no more of the enemies army. The two Kings honoured this retreat with their commendations, and it is spoke of to this day in the empire with admiration. And *Charles* could not help saying, " *Shullemburg* has conquered us to day.

But

But what was thus glorious to *Shullemburg*, was of very little service to King *Augustus*. He once more abandoned *Poland* to his enemies, withdrew into *Saxony*, and repaired the fortifications of *Dresden* with precipitation, already with reason trembling for the capital of his hereditary dominions.

Thus was *Poland* subdued by *Charles XII.* His General after his example had beaten several small bodies of *Moscovites* in *Courland*, who ever since the great battle of *Narva* had not shewn themselves but in small companies, and made war in those quarters like the vagabond *Tartars*, who plunder and run away, and appear again but to fly again.

The consecration was solemnized quietly and magnificently on *October 4, 1705*, in the town of *Warsaw*. notwithstanding the usual custom in *Poland* of crowning their Kings at *Cracow*. *Stanislaus Lecfinsky* and his wife *Charlotte Opalinska* were consecrated King and Queen of *Poland* by the hands of the Archbishop of *Leopold*, assisted by several other Prelates. *Charles XII.* was present at the ceremony *incognito*, as he had been at the election; the only fruit he reaped from his conquests.

Whilst he was thus giving a King to the conquered *Poles*, and *Denmark* did not presume to trouble him; whilst the King of *Prussia* courted his friendship, and *Augustus* was retired to his hereditary dominions; the Czar grew every day more formidable. He had feebly assisted *Augustus* in *Poland*, but had made powerful diversions in *Ingria*.

He not only began to be a great soldier himself, but also to teach his *Moscovites* the art of war: Discipline was established in his troops; he had good engineers, a serviceable artillery, and a great many good officers; and had learnt the great art of subsisting his armies. Some of his Generals both knew how to fight, and if occasion required, to decline it; and besides, he had got together a fleet which was able

to



to make head against the Swedes in the *Baltick* Sea.

Grown strong by all these advantages which were owing to his genius only, and the absence of the King of *Sweden*, he took *Narva* by assault, on *August* 21, 1704, after a regular siege, having prevented its being relieved either by sea or land. As soon as the soldiers were masters of the town, they fell to plunder, and gave themselves up to the most enormous barbarities. The Czar ran from place to place to put a stop to the disorder and massacre. He himself snatched the women out of the hands of the soldiers, who were going to cut their throats, after having ravished them. He was even obliged to kill with his own hands several *Moscovites*, who did not hearken to his orders. They yet shew the table in the townhouse at *Narva*, upon which he laid his sword, as he entered, and tell the words, which he spoke to the citizens, who flocked thither after him: *It is not, says he, with the blood of the inhabitants, that my sword is stained, but with that of the Moscovites, which I have shed to save your lives.*

The Czar aspired farther than the destruction of towns. He was at that time laying the foundations of a city not far from *Narva*, in the midst of his new conquests. This was the the city of *Petersburg*, which he has since made the seat of his residence, and the center of his trade.

The Czar, in thus forming himself new dominions, held out still an helping hand to King *Augustus*, who was losing his; he persuaded him by General *Patkul*, who had lately passed into the service of *Muscovy*, and was then the Czar's Ambassador in *Saxony*, to come to *Grodno* to confer with him once more upon the unhappy state of his affairs. King *Augustus* came thither with some troops, attended by General *Shullemburg*, whose passage over the *Oder* had rendered him famous in the north, and in whom

he

he placed his last hopes. The Czar arrived, with an hundred thousand men marching after him. The two monarchs formed new schemes of war. King *Augustus*, as he was dethroned, was no longer afraid of exasperating the *Poles* by giving up their country to *Moscovite* troops. It was resolved that the Czar's army should be divided into several bodies to oppose every motion of the King of *Sweden*. During the time of this interview, King *Augustus* instituted the order of the white eagle, a weak expedient to draw over to his interest certain *Polish* Lords, who were more desirous of real advantages, than a mere nominal honour, which becomes ridiculous, when held of a Prince, who has nothing left to a King but the title. The conference of the two Kings ended in an extraordinary manner. The Czar departed suddenly, and left his troops to his ally, to go and extinguish a rebellion in person, which threatned him in *Astracan*. He was scarce gone from him, before King *Augustus* ordered *Patkul* to be taken up at *Dresden*. All *Europe* were in amaze, that, contrary to the laws of nations, and in appearance, to his own interest, he should venture to imprison the Ambassador of the only Prince who protected him.

The secret of the affair was thus. *Patkul*, proscribed in *Sweden* for having maintained the privileges of *Livonia* his country, had been General to King *Augustus*; but his high and active spirit ill agreeing with the haughty disposition of General *Fleming*, the King's favourite, more imperious and more active than himself, he had passed into the service of the Czar, whose General he then was, and Ambassador to *Augustus*. He was a man of great discernment, and had discovered that the views of *Fleming* and the Chancellor of *Saxony*, were to offer peace to the King of *Sweden* at any rate. He found immediately a design to prevent them, and to bring about an accommodation between the Czar and *Sweden*. The  
Chan-

Chancellor countermined his project, and obtained leave to seize upon his person. King *Augustus* told the Czar, that *Patkul* was a perfidious wretch, and would betray them both. However, he had no other fault, but that of having served his new master too well; but an unseasonable piece of service is often recompensed with the punishment of treason.

In the mean while the hundred thousand *Moscovites* on one side, divided into several small bodies, burnt and ravaged the estates of the adherents to *Stanislaus*; and *Shullembourg* on the other was advancing with his fresh troops. But the fortune of the *Suedes* dispersed these two armies in less than two months. *Charles XII.* and *Stanislaus* fell upon the separate bodies of the *Moscovites*, one after another; but so briskly, that one *Moscovite* General was beaten before he knew of the defeat of his companion.

No obstacle could put a stop to the progress of the conqueror. If he found a river in his way betwixt him and the enemy, *Charles* and his *Suedes* would swim their horses over it. One party of *Suedes* took the baggage of *Augustus* in which were two hundred thousand crowns of silver coin; *Stanislaus* made a seizure of eight hundred thousand ducats belonging to prince *Menzikof* the General of the *Moscovites*. *Charles* at the head of his horse would often march thirty leagues in four and twenty hours, every soldier leading another horse in his hand to mount, when his own was weary. The *Moscovites*, terrified and reduced to a small number, fled in disorder beyond the *Boristhenes*.

Whilst *Charles* was thus driving the *Moscovites* before him into the heart of *Lithuania*, *Shullembourg* at last repassed the *Oder*, and came at the head of twenty thousand men to give battle to the grand *Mareschal Renschild*, who was look'd upon as the best General *Charles XII.* had, and was called the *Parmenio* of the *Alexander* of the north. These two famous Generals, who seemed to share in the fate of their  
ma-

ers, met near *Punitz* in a Place call'd *Fravenstad*, territory already fatal to the Troops of *Augustus*. *Renschild* had no more than thirteen Battalions and two twenty Squadrons, which all together made about thousand Men; and *Shullembourg* had twice as many. It is to be observed, that he had in his Army between six and seven thousand *Muscovites*, which had long been disciplined in *Saxony*, and were looked upon as experienced Soldiers, who joined the German discipline to the *Russian* fierceness. The Battle of *Fravenstad* was fought on *February 12, 1706*. But the very General *Shullembourg*, who with four thousand Men had in a manner eluded the Fortune of the King of *Sweden*, sunk under that of General *Renschild*. The Engagement lasted not a quarter of an Hour, the *Saxons* did not resist a moment, and the *Muscovites* threw down their Arms upon the first appearance of the *Swedes*; the Terror was so sudden, and the Disaster so great, that the Conquerors found upon the Field of Battle seven thousand Fuses all charged, which they had thrown away without firing. No defeat was ever quicker, more compleat, and more shameful; and yet no General had ever made a finer disposition than *Shullembourg* that Day, by the confession of all the *Saxon* and *Swedish* Officers, who were struck by the consequence how little human Prudence is Mistress of Events.

Among the Prisoners there was found an entire Regiment of *Frenchmen*; these wretches had been taken Prisoners by the Troops of *Saxony* in 1704, at the famous Battle of *Hocsted*, so fatal to the Grandeur of *Louis XIV.* They had since enlisted themselves into the Service of K. *Augustus*, who had formed them into a Regiment of Dragoons, had given the Command of them to a *Frenchman* of the Family of *Joyeuse*. The Colonel was killed upon the first, or rather the only charge of the *Swedes*; and the entire Regiment were Prisoners of War. From that day these *French-*  
men

*men* desired that they might be allowed to serve *Charles XII.* and were received into his service by a singular fate, which reserved them to change again their conqueror and master.

As to the *Moscovites*, they begged for life upon their knees; but *Renschild* ordered them to be inhumanly massacred in cold blood above six hours after the battle, to revenge on them the violences of their countrymen, and disencumber himself of a number of prisoners he knew not what to do with.

But tho' the troops of *Charles XII.* lived under so severe a discipline, that they plundered not the towns which were carried by assault, before they had leave; that they even plundered in a regular manner, and left upon the first signal, and the *Swedes* to this day boast of the discipline they observed in *Saxony*; yet the *Saxons* complain of most terrible ravages committed by them; contradictions which it would be impossible to reconcile, if we did not consider that men are apt to look upon the same objects with different views. It can scarce be conceived but that the conquerors must at some times have transgressed the rules of decency; and that the conquered should censure the slightest damages, as the most shocking injuries. One day, as the King was riding out near *Lipsick*, a *Saxon* peasant threw himself at his feet to ask justice of him against a grenadier, who had just taken from him what he had designed for his family's dinner. The King ordered the soldier to be brought before him, *And is it true*, says he, *with a stern countenance, that you have robbed this man?* Sir, says the Soldier, *I have not done him so much mischief, as your Majesty has done his master; you have taken a Kingdom from him, and I have only taken a turkey from this fellow.* The King gave the poor man ten ducats with his own hand, and pardoned the soldier for the boldness of his reply, saying, *Remember, friend, if I have taken a Kingdom from King Augustus, I have taken nothing for my self.*  
King



King *Augustus* wandering in *Poland*, and deprived of both of his Kingdom and Electorate, at last wrote a letter with his own hand to *Charles XII.* to demand Peace. This letter he secretly sent by Baron *von Finsten*, Referendary of the Privy Council; His two Plenipotentiaries came by night to *Charles XII.*'s Camp, and had a private audience. They read the Letter, and, *Gentlemen*, says he to the Plenipotentiaries, *I will give you my answer in a moment.* He straight retired into his Cabinet, and wrote the following:

*Consent to give peace upon the following conditions, in which it must not be expected that I shall make the least alteration:*

I. That King *Augustus* renounce for ever the crown of *Poland*; that he acknowledge *Stanislaus* as lawful King, and that he promise never to remount the throne, not even after the death of *Stanislaus*.

II. That he renounce all other treaties, and particularly those he has made with *Muscovy*.

III. That he send back with honour into my camp the Prince *Sobiesky*, and all the Prisoners he has been able to take.

IV. That he deliver into my hands all the deserters, which have entered into his service, and particularly *John Patkul*; and that all proceedings be stopped against such as have passed from his service into mine.

He gave this Paper to Count *Piper*, charging him to negotiate the rest with the Plenipotentiaries of King *Augustus*.

Whilst this Peace was silently negotiating in *Saxony*, Fortune seemed to put King *Augustus* into a condition of obtaining one more honourable, and of treating with his Conqueror upon a more equal foot.

Prince *Menzikoff*, Generalissimo of the *Muscovite* Army, brought him into *Poland* a Body of thirty thousand

thousand Men, at a time when he not only did not desire their Assistance any longer, but even feared it. In this nice Circumstance there appeared in view of the Army one of the *Swedish* Generals, named *Maderfield*, at the head of ten thousand Men at *Calish*, near the Palatinate of *Posnania*. Prince *Menzikof* pressed King *Augustus* to give them Battle. The King in the utmost Perplexities delayed it under several Pretexts; for though the Enemy had but one third number, there were four thousand *Swedes* in *Maderfield's* Army, and that was enough to render the event doubtful; and to fall upon the *Swedes* during the Negotiation, and lose the Victory, was to ruin him past all redemption. He therefore determined to send a Person upon whom he could rely to the General of the Enemy, to let him into part of the Secret of the Peace, and advise him to retreat; but this Advice had a very different effect from what was expected. General *Maderfield* imagined that a Snare was laid to intimidate him, and upon the bare force of that imagination he resolved to risk the Battle.

The *Muscovites* that Day conquered the *Swedes* in a pitched Battle for the first time. This Victory, which King *Augustus* gained almost against his own Inclination, was compleat, and he entered triumphant in the midst of his bad Fortune into *Warsaw*, formerly the Capital of this Kingdom, but then a dismantled and ruined Town, ready to receive any Conqueror, and to acknowledge the strongest for King. He was tempted to seize upon this moment of Prosperity, and to fall upon the King of *Sweden* in *Saxony* with the *Muscovite* Army. But upon recollection, that *Charles XII.* was at the head of a *Swedish* Army, which till then had been invincible, that the *Muscovites* would forsake him upon the first information of the Treaty he had begun; that *Saxony*, his hereditary Dominions, already exhausted of Men and Money, would be equally ravaged by the *Muscovites* and *Swedes*; that

III. not that the Empire taken up in a War with *France* could assist him; that he should be left without Dominions, Money, or Friends; he judged it better to comply with the Terms the King of *Sweden* should propose upon him. These Terms were made more severe, when *Charles* had Information, that King *Augustus* had fallen upon his Troops during the Negotiation. His Passion and the Pleasure of humbling his Enemy still more, who had gained an Advantage over him, made him the more inflexible upon all the Articles of the Treaty. Thus the Victory of King *Augustus* served only to render his Situation the more unfortunate, a Circumstance which in all probability never happened to any one but himself.

He had just sung *Te Deum* at *Warsaw*, when *Finck*, one of his Plenipotentiaries, arrived from *Saxony* with the Treaty of Peace, which deprived him of his Crown. *Augustus* paused a while, but signed it, and then set out for *Saxony*, in vain hopes, that his presence might soften the King of *Sweden*, and that his Enemy would perhaps call to mind the antient alliances of their houses, and the blood which united them.

The two Princes first met at *Guntersdorf* in Count *Per's* quarters, without any ceremony. *Charles XII.* was in Jack-boots, with a piece of black taffety tied round his neck instead of a cravat; his Cloths were usual made of a coarse blue cloth, with brass buttons. He had a long Sword by his side, which had served him in the Battle of *Narva*, and upon theommel of which he would often lean. The Conversation turned wholly upon this strange kind of dress, and those great Boots. *Charles XII.* told King *Augustus*, he had not laid them aside for six Years, except when he went to sleep. These Trifles were the sole Discourse, that passed between two Kings; whereof one had taken away the Crown from the other. *Augustus* spoke all the while with an Air of com-

complaisance and satisfaction, which Princes and great Men accustomed to business know how to pursue on in the midst of the most cruel Mortifications. The two Kings dined together several times afterwards. *Charles* always affected to give the right hand to King *Augustus*; but so far from softening the Rigour of his Demands, that he made them still harder. He obliged the King Elector, not only to send *Stanislaus* the Jewels and Records of the Crown, but withal to write him a Letter of Congratulation upon his Accession. And he absolutely insisted upon giving up of General *Patkul* without delay. *Augustus* therefore was forced to write his rival the following letter.

SIR and BROTHER,

**A**S I ought to have Regard to the Requests of the King of Sweden, I cannot avoid congratulating your Majesty upon your Accession to the Crown, though perhaps the advantageous Treaty the King of Sweden has lately concluded for your Majesty, might have excused me from this Correspondence: However, I congratulate your Majesty, beseeching God, that your subjects may be more faithful to you than they have been to me,

Lipsick, Ap. 8.  
1707.

AUGUSTUS, King

STANISLAUS answered,

SIR and BROTHER,

**T**HE Correspondence of your Majesty is a fresh Obligation which I owe to the King of Sweden. I have a just sense of the Compliments you make me upon my coming to the Crown: And I hope my subjects will have no room to fail of their Fidelity towards me, as I shall observe the Laws of the Kingdom.

STANISLAUS King of POLAND  
King

King *Stanislaus* came himself to *Lipsick*, where he one day met King *Augustus*; but the two Princes bowed to each other without speaking. This was the sight of *Charles XII*th's Triumph, to see two Kings of his Court, whereof one had been crowned, and the other dethroned by his Arms.

*Augustus* was farther obliged to order all the Magistrates under him not to treat him as King of *Poland* any longer, and to efface the Title he renounced out of the publick Prayers. He was less concerned about setting the *Sobieskies* at liberty; though these Princes, upon coming out of Prison, refused to see him; but the Sacrifice of *Patkul* was a Circumstance of great Mortification. The Czar on one side loudly demanded him back as his Ambassador, and on the other the King of *Sweden* made terrible Threats, if they refused to give him up to him. *Patkul* was then shut up in the Castle of *Konisting* in *Saxony*. King *Augustus* thought he might find an expedient to satisfy *Charles XII*. and his own Honour at the same Time. He sent his Guards to deliver up the unhappy Prisoner to the *Swedish* Troops; but sent before a secret order to the Governor of *Konisting* to let him escape.

*Patkul*'s ill Fortune took place of the care that was taken to save him. The Governor knowing him to be very rich, would have had him bought his liberty.

But the Prisoner relying still upon the Law of Nations, and informed of the Intentions of King *Augustus*, refused to pay for what he thought he should gain for nothing. During this Interval, the Guards appointed to seize upon him arrived, and immediately took him up to four *Swedish* Officers, who carried him in strait to the general quarters at *Alransfad*, where he continued three Months tied to a Stake with a heavy chain of iron; and thence he was carried to *Smir*.

*Charles XII*. forgetting that *Patkul* was the Czar's Ambassador; and considering only that he was born his



his subject, ordered a council of War to pass sentence upon him with the utmost rigour. He was condemned to be broke alive and quarter'd. A chaplain came to let him know, that he was to die, without informing him of the manner of his punishment. Upon the information, this man, who had braved death in so many battles, finding himself alone with a priest, and his courage no longer supported by glory or passion, the sources of intrepidity, poured out a flood of tears into the chaplain's bosom. He was engaged to a *Saxon* lady, named *Madam D'Enfil-den*, who had all the advantages of birth, merit and beauty, and whom he had thoughts of marrying much about the same time that he was given up to punishment. He desired the chaplain to wait upon her, to comfort her, and assure her that he died full of the tenderest regards for her. When he was led to the place of punishment, and saw the wheels and stakes prepared for his execution, he fell into convulsions of terror, and threw himself into the arms of the Minister, who embraced him, and covered him with his cloak, and wept over him. A *Swedish* officer then read aloud a paper, which contained the following words.

*This is to declare, that the express order of his Majesty our most merciful Lord is, that this man, who is a traitor to his country, be broke upon the wheel and quartered, for the reparation of his crimes, and for an example to others; that every one may take care of treason, and faithfully serve his King.* At the words, *most merciful Lord*, *Patkul* cry'd out, *What Mercy?* And those of traitor to his country; *Alas*, says he, *I have served it too well.* He received sixteen blows and endured the longest and most dreadful tortures, that can be imagined. Thus died the unfortunate *John René Patkul*, Embassador and General to the Emperor of *Muscovy*.

His members were quarter'd, and remained exposed upon gibbets, 'till 1713, when *Augustus* having

reg

igned his throne, ordered these testimonies of the necessity he was reduced at *Altranstad* to be collected together. They were brought to him in a box at *Warsaw*, in presence of the *French* Ambassador. The King of *Poland* shewing the box to the Minister, said simply to him, *See the members of Patkul*, without any addition of blame or complaint, or without any of the persons present venturing to speak on so tender and so mournful a subject.

*Charles* behaved in the same manner towards *General Fleming*, the favourite, and since the first Minister of King *Augustus*. *Fleming* was born in the *Swe-Pomerania*; and though from his infancy he had been attached to the Elector of *Saxony*, *Charles* looked on him always as his subject, and had long demanded him to be given up to him. *Fleming*, when he saw his master in a condition of refusing nothing into *Prussia*, from whence he wrote a letter to King *Stanislaus*, with whom he had been acquainted in *Poland*, to beg of him, that he would prevail with the King of *Sweden* to lay aside his resentments against him. *Stanislaus* applied in his favour with warmth, and for eight days successively repeated his entreaties, without any effect; at last he almost threw himself at the feet of *Charles*, who said to him, *My brother, at your request I grant you his life: but remember, you will one day repent of what you have done*. Indeed *Fleming* afterwards serve his master against *Stanislaus*, much beyond what his duty obliged him to.

About the same time one *Paikel*, a *Livonian*, and an officer in the *Saxon* troops, who was taken prisoner in the field, was condemn'd at *Stockholm* by a decree of the Senate; but his sentence was only to cut off his head. This difference of punishment in the case shewed too much, that *Charles*, in putting *Patkul* to so cruel a death, had sought more to revenge himself than to punish him. However, *Paikel*, after his condemnation, proposed to the Senate, to let the

King

King into the secret of making gold, in case he would pardon him. He made the experiment in prison in presence of colonel *Hamilton* and the magistrates of the town; and, whether it was that he had in reality discovered any useful art, or whether he had found out one but that of deceiving plausibly which seems most probable, they carried the gold which was found at the bottom of the crucible to the mint at *Stockholm*, and made a report so juridically, and which appeared so important, that the Queen, grandmother of *Charles*, ordered the execution to be suspended, till the King being informed of this particularity, should send his orders to *Stockholm*.

The King made answer, *That he had refused the pardon of a criminal to the intreaties of his friends, and he would never grant that to interest, which he had denied to friendship.* This inflexibility had something in it very heroical in a Prince, who otherwise thought the secret possible. When it was told King *Augustus*, he said, *He did not wonder that the King of Sweden had so much indifference about the philosopher gone; he had found it in Saxony.*

It was proposed in the Czar's council to make retaliation by treating the Swedish officers, who were prisoners at *Muscovy*, in the same manner. But the Czar would not consent to a barbarity, which would have been attended with such fatal circumstances, there were more *Muscovites* prisoners in *Sweden*, than *Swedes* in *Muscovy*.

He sought for a more advantageous revenge. The body of his enemy's army lay idle in *Saxony*. *Leopold*, the King of *Sweden's* General, who was left in *Poland* with about twenty thousand men, was unable to guard the passes in a country without food and full of factions. *Stanislaus* was in the camp of *Charles XII*. The Emperor of *Muscovy* seizes upon this conjuncture, and re-enters *Poland* with above twenty thousand men; he divides them into several

ies, and marches with a flying Camp as far as *Leopold*, which was not garrisoned by the *Swedes*.

*Poland* had then two Primates, as well as two Kings, the one nominated by *Augustus*, the other by *Stanislaus*. The Primate, nominated by *Augustus*, summoned the Assembly of *Leopold*, and drew thither all those, whom this unfortunate Prince had abandoned by the Peace of *Altranstad*, with such as the Czar's Money had brought over to his Interest, and it was proposed to elect a new King. So that *Poland* was upon the point of having three Kings at a time, without being able to say which was the true one.

During the Conferences of *Leopold*, the Czar united in interests with the Emperor of *Germany*, thro' the common fear they had of the King of *Sweden*, secretly obtained of him a number of *German* Officers. These came daily to make a considerable Augmentation in his Forces, by bringing with them Experience and Discipline. He engaged them to his Service by great Rewards; and for the better Encouragement of his own Troops, he gave his Picture set round with Diamonds to all the general Officers and Colonels, who had fought at the Battle of *Calish*; the lower Officers had Medals of Gold, and every private Soldier a Medal of Silver. These Monuments of the Victory at *Calish* were all struck in his new Town of *Petersburg*, where Arts and Sciences flourish'd in proportion as he trained up his Troops to a Sense of Emulation and Glory.

The Confusion, Multiplicity of Factions, and continual Ravages prevailing in *Poland*, hindred the Diete of *Leopold* from coming to any Resolution. The Czar translated it to *Lublin*. But the change of Place did not lessen the Disorders and Uncertainty, which mankind were in; and the Assembly satisfied themselves with neither owning *Augustus*, who had abdicated, nor *Stanislaus* who had been elected against

their inclinations; but they were neither sufficiently united, nor resolute enough to name another King.

King *Stanislaus* set out from *Alranstad* on the 15th of July 1707, with General *Renchild*, sixteen Swedish regiments, and abundance of money, to appease all these troubles in *Poland*, and make himself peaceably owned. He was acknowledged wherever he passed; the discipline of his troops, which the better exposed the barbarity of the *Muscovites*, gained him the people's inclinations; his extreme affability re-united to him almost all the factions, in proportion as it was known; and his money procured him the greatest part of the army of the crown. The Czar fearing he should want provisions in a country, which his troops had laid desolate, retired into *Lituania*, where he had appointed the rendezvous of the several branches of his army, and established magazines. This retreat left King *Stanislaus* in the peaceable possession of almost all *Poland*.

The only one, who then troubled him in his dominions, was Count *Siniausky*, Grand General of the crown, of the nomination of *Augustus*. He was a person of very great abilities, and as much ambition, and was at the head of a third party. He neither owned *Augustus* nor *Stanislaus*; and after having used his utmost efforts to make himself elected, he was contented to be head of a party, as he could not be King. The troops of the crown, who continued under his command, had scarce any other pay, besides the liberty of ravaging their own country with impunity. And all who had suffered from their plunder, or were apprehensive of it, presently submitted to *Stanislaus*, whose power was daily confirmed.

The King of Sweden was then receiving Embassadors in his camp at *Alranstad*, from almost all the Princes in *Christendom*. Some desired him to quit the dominions of the Empire, and others pressed him



to turn his Arms against the Emperor; and it was then a current Report, that he designed to join with *France*, in depressing the House of *Austria*. Amongst these Embassadors, was the famous *John Duke of Marlborough*, sent by *Anne Queen of Great Britain*. This man, who never laid siege to a town which he did not take, nor fought a battle which he did not gain, was at *St. James's* a perfect courtier, the head of a Party in Parliament, and in foreign countries the most able negotiator of his time. He did *France* as much mischief by his understanding, as by his arms; and *Fagel*, Secretary of the States General, a man of very great merit, has been heard to say, that more than once the States-General having resolved to oppose what the Duke of *Marlborough* was to lay before them; the Duke came, spoke to them in *French*, in which language he expressed himself very ill, and brought them all into his Sentiments.

In conjunction with Prince *Eugene*, the Companion of his victories, and *Heinsius* the Grand Pensionary of *Holland*, he supported all the weight of the enterprises of the allies against *France*. He knew that *Charles* was exasperated against the Empire and the Emperor; that he was secretly solicited by the *French*; and that if the conqueror should join himself to *Lewis XIV.* the allies would be undone.

'Tis true, that *Charles* had given his Word in 1700, not to intermeddle in the war of *Lewis XIV.* with the allies: But the Duke of *Marlborough* did not believe, that any Prince would be so great a slave to his word, as not to sacrifice it to his grandeur and interest. He therefore set out from the *Hague*, with a Design to sound the Intentions of the King of *Sweden*.

As soon as he was arrived at *Lipsick*, where *Charles* then was, he applied himself secretly, not to Count *Piper* the First Minister, but to Baron *Goerts*, who began to share the King's Confidence with *Piper*. He told *Goerts*, that the Design of the allies was, very

shortly to propose to the King of *Sweden*, to be a second time Mediator between them and *France*. He said this, in hopes of discovering by *Goerts's* Answer, the King's Intentions, and because he chose much rather to have *Charles* for an Arbitrator than an Enemy. At last, he had his publick Audience at *Lipsick*.

Upon his first Address to the King, he told him in *French*, that he should think himself happy, if he could be taught under his Orders, what he yet wanted to know in the Art of War. He then had a private Audience of an Hour long, in which the King spoke in *German*, and the Duke in *French*. The Duke, who was never in haste to make Propositions, and had learnt by a long course of Experience, the Art of penetrating into the Sentiments of Mankind, and finding out the secret Connection between their inmost Thoughts and their Actions, Gestures, and Discourse, fixed his Eyes attentively upon the King, when he spoke to him of War in general. He thought he perceived in his Majesty a natural Aversion towards *France*, and observed that he was pleased when he talked of the Conquests of the Allies. He mentioned the Czar to him, and took Notice, that his Eyes always kindled at his Name, notwithstanding the Moderation of the Conference; and he farther remark'd, that a Map of *Moscovy* lay before him upon the Table. He wanted no more to determine him in his Judgment, that the real Design of the King of *Sweden*, and his sole Ambition, were to dethrone the Czar, as he had already done the K. of *Poland*. He understood, that he had no other Views, by continuing in *Saxony*, than to impose by that means certain hard Laws upon the Emperor of *Germany*. But he knew that the Emperor would comply with them, and that thus matters would be easily made up. He left *Charles XII.* to his natural Inclination; and being satisfied with having discovered his Intentions, he made him no kind of Proposal.

The King, who had not as yet experienced ill Fortune, or even any Interruption of his Successes, thought that one Year would be sufficient for de-throning the Czar, and that then he might return and raise himself by his own Power to the Dignity of Arbiter of *Europe*; but he had a mind first to bring down the spirit of the Emperor of *Germany*.

Count *Zobor*, the Emperor's Chamberlain, had spoke very disrespectfully of the King of *Sweden*, in the Presence of the *Swedish* Ambassador at *Vienna*. The Emperor had made Amends, though much against his Will, by banishing the Count. But this would not satisfy the King of *Sweden*; he insisted upon the Delivery of Count *Zobor* into his Hands. The Pride of the Court of *Vienna* was obliged to stoop, and give the Count to the King, who sent him back, after having kept him some time a Prisoner at *Sietin*.

The Emperor, who was forced to make this and other Concessions, absolutely complied with the Will of *Charles XII.* was named *Joseph*, the eldest Son of *Leopold*, and Brother to the wise Emperor *Charles VI.* who succeeded him.

Count *Wratislaw*, his Ambassador with *Charles XII.* brought the Treaty to *Leipsick* in Favour of the *Silesians*, signed by his Master's own hand. *Charles* then said, he was satisfied, and was the Emperor's very good Friend. However, he was much disgusted at the opposition he had found from *Rome* upon every Occasion. He looked with the utmost Contempt upon the Weakness of that Court, which being at present an irreconcilable Enemy to one half of *Europe*, is always in distrust of the other, and supports its Credit only by its skill in negotiations. In the mean time he meditated revenge. He told Count *Wratislaw*, that the *Swedes* had formerly conquered *Rome*, and had not regenerated as *Rome* had done. And he let the Pope know, that he would one Day demand back the effects

which

which Queen *Christina* had left at *Rome*. One cannot tell how far this young conqueror would have carried his resentments and his arms, if fortune had prospered his designs. Nothing then appeared impossible to him. He had even sent privately several officers into *Asia*, and as far as *Ægypt*, to take the plan of the towns, and inform him of the strength of those countries. 'Tis certain that if any one could have overturned the Empire of the *Persians* and *Turks*, and then have passed into *Italy*, it was *Charles XII.* He was as young as *Alexander*, as much a soldier, and as enterprising; but more indefatigable, more robust, and more virtuous; and the *Swedes* perhaps exceeded the *Macedonians*: But such projects, which are looked upon with astonishment, when attended with success, are treated as chimæra's, when they want it.

At last, all difficulties being removed, and whatever he had a mind to be executed; after having humbled the Emperor, given law in the Empire, protected the *Lutheran* religion in the midst of *Roman-catholicks*, dethroned one King, crowned another, and seen himself the terror of all the Princes around him, he prepared for his departure. The pleasures of *Saxony*, where he had lain idle a full year, had made no alteration in his manner of living. He mounted on horseback three times a day, rose at four in the morning, dressed himself alone, drank no wine, sat at table but one quarter of an hour, exercised his troops every day, and knew no other pleasure, but that of making *Europe* tremble.

The *Swedes* did not yet know, whither their King would lead 'em; only it was suspected in the army, that he might go to *Moscow*. Some days before his departure, he ordered the Grand Mareschal of his household to give him in writing the rout from *Lipsick*. — He paused a while at that word, and that the Mareschal might have no suspicion of his projects,

jects, he added smiling — to all the capital cities of *Europe*. The Mareschal brought him a list of them all, and at the head of them had affected to put in Great letters, *The Road from Lipsick to Stockholm*. The generality of the *Swedens* wished only to return thither ; but the King was far from the thought of carrying them back into their own country. *I see Sir*, says he, *whither you would lead me, but we shall not return to Stockholm so soon.*

The army was already upon their march, and passed near *Dresden*. *Charles* was at their head, and riding, according to his custom, about a quarter or half a mile before his Guards. They lost sight of him all at once, and some of the officers spurred on their horses to see where he was ; but with all their enquiry they could not find him. The whole army took the alarm in a moment. They made a halt, and the Generals met together ; and whilst they were in great consternation, they learnt at last from a *Saxon*, who was passing by, what was become of him.

He had a mind, as he passed so near *Dresden*, to make a visit to King *Augustus*. He entered the town on horseback, attended by three or four General officers, and went directly to alight at the palace. He was got as far as the Elector's apartment, before it was known that he was in the town. General *Fleming* having seen the King of *Sweden* at a distance, had only time to run and inform his master. All that could be done on such an occasion was presented to the idea of the Minister, who laid it before *Augustus* ; but *Charles* entered the chamber in his boots, before *Augustus* had time to recover from his Surprise. He was then sick, and in a night-gown, but dressed himself presently. *Charles* breakfasted with him as a traveller, who came to take leave of his friend, and then he expressed his desire of viewing the fortifications. During the little time that was taken up in walking round them, a *Livonian* condemn'd



in Sweden, who served in the troops of Saxony, thought he could never have a more favourable Opportunity of obtaining Pardon, and begged of King *Augustus*, to ask it of *Charles*; being fully assured, that his Majesty could not refuse so slight a Request to a Prince, from whom he had taken a Crown, and in whose Power he then was. *Augustus* was easily prevailed upon to undertake it. He stood at a little distance from the King of Sweden, and was discoursing with *Hoord*, a Swedish General. *I believe*, says he smiling, *that your Master will not refuse me. You don't know him*, replies General *Hoord*, *he will rather refuse you here, than anywhere else.* *Augustus*, notwithstanding, asked a Pardon for the *Livonian*, of the King, in very pressing terms; and *Charles* denied him in such a manner, that he did not think fit to ask it a second time. After having passed some hours in this odd kind of visit, he embraced King *Augustus*, and took his leave. Upon returning to his Army, he found all his General Officers assembled in a Council of War, and asked the reason. General *Renschild* told him, they had determin'd to besiege *Dresden*, in case his Majesty had been detained a Prisoner. *Right*, says the King, *they durst not, they durst not.* The next Morning, upon the News that King *Augustus* held an extraordinary Council at *Dresden*, *You see*, says *Renschild*, *they are deliberating upon what they should have done Yesterday.*

*The End of the Third Book.*

## H I S T O R Y

O F

C H A R L E S X I I .

K I N G of S W E D E N .

B O O K I V .

C H A R L E S at last took leave of *Saxony* in September 1707, followed by an Army of three and forty thousand Men, formerly covered with steel, but then shining with Gold and Silver, and enriched with the Spoils of *Poland* and *Saxony*. Every Soldier carry'd with him fifty Crowns in ready Money; all the Regiments were compleat, and not only so, but in every Company there were several supernumeraries, who waited for vacant Places. Besides this Army, Count *Levenhaup*, one of his best Generals, waited for him in *Poland* with twenty thousand Men; and he had besides another Army of fifteen thousand in *Finland*; and fresh Recruits were coming to him from *Sweden*. With all these Forces was not doubted but he must dethrone the Czar.

The Emperor of *Muscovy* was then in *Lithuania*, employed in keeping up the Spirits of a Party, which King *Augustus* seemed to have renounced. His Troops, divided into several Bodies, fled on all sides upon the first Report of the King of *Sweden*'s Approach. He

had himself advised all his Generals never to wait for the coming up of this conqueror with unequal force.

The King of *Sweden* in the midst of his victorious march, received a solemn embassy from the *Turks*. The Ambassador had his audience in Count *Piper's* quarters; for 'twas there always that ceremonies of pomp were performed. He supported the dignity of his master by a magnificent appearance, and the King, who was always worse lodged, worse served, and more plainly clad than the meanest officer in his army, would often say that his palace was *Piper's* quarters. The *Turkish* Ambassador presented *Charles* with an hundred *Swedish* soldiers; who having been taken by the *Calmouks*, sold in *Turkey*, and redeemed by the Grand Seignior, were sent by him to the King, as the most agreeable present he could make him; not that the *Ottoman* pride pretended to pay homage to the glory of *Charles XII.* but because the Sultan, a natural enemy to the Emperors of *Muscovy* and *Germany*, was desirous of strength'ning himself against them by the friendship of *Sweden* and the alliance of *Poland*. The Ambassador complimented *Stanislaus* upon his advancement to the crown; and thus he was owned as King in a very little time by *Germany*, *France*, *England*, *Spain*, and *Turkey*. There remained only the Pope, who before he acknowledged him, was willing to wait, till time had settled the crown upon his head, which a turn of fortune might strike off.

*Charles* had scarce given audience to the Ambassador of the *Ottoman* port, before he began his march in search of the *Muscovites*.

*Charles* left *Stanislaus* in *Poland* with ten thousand *Swedes* and his new subjects to assist him in the preservation of his kingdom, against his foreign and domestick enemies; for himself, he marched at the

head of his horse amidst ice and snow towards *Grod-*  
in the month of *January* 1708.

He had already passed the *Niemen* within two  
leagues of the town, before the Czar knew any  
thing of his march. Upon the first news that the  
*Swedes* were coming, the Czar leaves the town by  
the north-gate, and *Charles* enters by the south. The  
King had with him but six hundred of his guards,  
the rest not being able to follow him; and the Czar  
led with above two thousand men, upon supposition  
that a whole army was entering into *Grodno*; but he  
learnt that very day from a *Polish* deserter, that he had  
quitted the place to no more than six hundred men,  
and that the body of the enemy's army was still a-  
bove five leagues distant. He lost no time, but sent  
a detachment of fifteen hundred horse in the evening  
to surprise the King of *Sweden* in the town. The  
fifteen hundred *Muscovites*, assisted by the darkness of  
the night, advanced as far as the first *Swedish* guard,  
without being known. This guard consisted of thirty  
men; and they alone sustained the effort of fif-  
teen hundred for half a quarter of an hour. The  
King, who lay at the other end of the town, came  
up presently with his six hundred guards; and the  
*Muscovites* fled with precipitation. His army were  
not long without joining him, nor he without pur-  
suing the enemy. All the *Muscovite* troops dispersed  
in *Lithuania*, retired in haste eastward into the Pala-  
tinate of *Minsky*, near the frontiers of *Muscovy*, where  
their rendezvous was appointed. The *Swedes*, whom  
the King also divided into several bodies, did not  
dare to pursue them for above thirty leagues of their  
way. Those who fled, and those who pursued, made  
excessive marches almost every day, though in the  
midst of winter. All seasons had been long equal to  
the soldiers of *Charles* and of the Czar; the sole ter-  
ror, which the name of *Charles* carried with it, then  
made the difference between the *Muscovites* and the  
*Swedes*.

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From *Grodno* to the *Borysthenes* eastward lye nothing but Morasses, Defarts, Mountains, and immense Forests; in such Places as are cultivated, there was no Provision to be found, the country People buried all their Grain under-ground, and whatever else could be preserved there. In order to discover these subterraneous Magazines, they were obliged to sound the Earth with long Poles pointed with Iron. The *Muscovites* and *Swedes* served themselves with these Provisions by turns; but they were not always found, nor did they prove sufficient when they were.

The King of *Sweden*, who had foreseen these Difficulties, had provided Biscuit for the Subsistence of his Army, so that nothing stopt him in his March. After he had crossed the Forest of *Minski*, where his Men were obliged every moment to cut down Trees to make way for his Troops and Baggage, he found himself on the 25th of *June*, 1708, before the River *Berezine*, over-against *Borislow*.

The Czar had got together the best Part of his Troops in that Place, and intrenched himself to Advantage. His Design was to hinder the *Swedes* from passing the River. *Charles* posted some of his Regiments on the Banks of the *Berezine*, directly against *Borislow*, as though he meant to attempt the Passage in sight of the Enemy. At the same time, he leads his Army about three leagues up the river, throws a Bridge over it, makes his way thro' a Body of three thousand Men, who defended that Post, and marches to the Enemy without stopping. The *Muscovites* did not however wait for his coming up, but immediately decamped, and retreated towards the *Borysthenes*, spoiling all the roads, and spreading destruction wherever they passed, that by this means, at least, they might retard the Progress of the *Swedes*.

*Charles* surmounted all difficulties, advancing still towards the *Borysthenes*. He met with twenty thousand *Muscovites* in his way intrenched in a Place named



nothing at without passing a River. *Charles* did not wait for the Assault till the rest of his Infantry came up, but threw himself into the Water at the head of his Foot-guards, and crossed the River and the Morass, with the Water sometimes above his Shoulders. Whilst he thus marched against the Enemy, he ordered his Horse to pass round the Morass, and fall upon them in flank. The *Muscovites* in amaze, that no Barrier could defend them, were at the same time routed by the King on foot, and by the *Swedish* Horse.

The Horse having made their way through the Enemy, joined the King in the midst of the Battle. He then mounted on Horseback, but some time after finding a young *Swedish* Gentleman, named *Gullenstiern*, whom he very much esteemed, wounded in the Field, and unable to march, he obliged him to take his Horse, and continued to command on Foot at the head of his Infantry. Of all the Battles he had ever fought, this in all probability was the most glorious, that wherein he was exposed to the most Dangers, and where he shewed the greatest Abilities. The Memory of it is preserved by a Medal, with this inscription on one side, *Sylvæ, paludes, aggeres, hostes vincti*; and on the other, *Victrices copias alium laturus in orbem*.

The *Muscovites* thus obliged to fly, repassed the *Boristhenes*, which separates the dominions of *Poland* from their own country. *Charles* lost no time in the pursuit, he crossed that great river after them at *Mobilou*, the last town in *Poland*, which sometimes belongs to the Czar, and sometimes to the *Poles*, according to the common fate of frontier places.

The Czar, thus seeing his Empire, in which he was giving birth to arts and trade, become a prey to war, which in a little time might ruin all his projects, and perhaps take from him his throne, was inclined to a peace, and even ventured some proposals

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sals by a *Polish* gentleman, whom he sent to the *Swedish* army. *Charles XII.* who had not been used to grant peace to his enemies, but in their capitals, only answered, *I will treat with the the Czar at Muscov.* When this haughty answer was reported to the Czar, *My brother Charles,* says he, *still affects to act the Alexander; but I flatter my self he will not find a Darius in me.*

About thirty leagues northward from *Mobilou*, the place where the King passed the *Boristhenes*, along the river, and still upon the frontiers of *Poland* and *Muscovy*, is situate the country of *Smolensko*, in which lies the great road from *Poland* to *Muscov.* This way the Czar retreated, and the King followed by long marches; and so close, that part of the rear-guard of the *Muscovites* was frequently engaged with the Dragoons of the *Swedish* van-guard. The latter had generally the advantage; but they weakened themselves even by conquering in these small skirmishes, which were never decisive, and in which they always lost abundance of men.

On the 22d of *September*, in this year 1708, the King attacked a body of ten thousand horse and six thousand *Calmouks* near *Smolensko*. The King fell upon them with only six regiments of horse, and four thousand foot; broke their ranks upon the first onset at the head of his *Ostrogotbick* regiment, and forced the enemy to retreat. He advanced upon them through rough and hollow ways, where the *Calmouks* lay hid; they then appeared again, and threw themselves between the regiment where the King was fighting and the rest of the *Swedish* army. The *Muscovites* and *Calmouks* in an instant surrounded this regiment, and made their way quite up to his Majesty. They killed two *Aids de Camp*, who fought near his person. The King's horse was slain under him; and as one of his equerries was presenting him with

with another, both the equerry and horse were struck dead upon the spot. *Charles* fought on foot, encircled by some of his officers, who immediately flew to relieve him, by surrounding him.

Several of them were taken, wounded or slain, or carried off to a distance from the King by the multitude that fell upon them, so that only five Men were left about him. He was quite spent with fatigue, having killed above a dozen of the enemy with his own hand, without receiving so much as one wound, by that inexpressible good fortune, which till then had ever attended him, and upon which he still relied. At last, Colonel *Dardoff* forced his way through the *Calmouks* with a single company of his regiment, and came time enough to disengage the King. The rest of the *Swedes* put the *Tartars* to the sword; the army recover'd its ranks, *Charles* mounted his horse, and, fatigued as he was, pursued the *Moskovites* two leagues.

*Charles* having made a review of his whole army, and taken an account of their Provisions, found that he had not wherewithal to subsist them above fifteen days. General *Levenhaup*, who was appointed to bring him a supply, with a reinforcement of fifteen thousand men, was not yet come up; he therefore resolved to quit the road to *Moscow*, and turn to the south towards *Ukrania*, into the country of the *Cossacks*, situate between the Lesser *Tartary*, *Poland* and *Muscovy*.

*Ukrania* has always aspired to be free; but being surrounded by *Muscovy*, the dominions of the Grand Signor, and *Poland*, it has ever been obliged to seek for a protector, and consequently a Master, in one of those three States. 'Twas first put under the protection of *Poland*, which carried it over them with too high a hand; they then applied to the *Moscovite*, who governed them as Slaves, as much as possible. The *Ukraniens* had the privilege at first, of choosing a Prince under the name of General, but they were soon after deprived

deprived of this right, and the General nominated by the court of *Moscow*.

The Place was then filled by a *Polish* gentleman, named *Mazeppa*, born in the Palatinate of *Podolia*. He had been brought up a Page to King *John Casimir*, and had received some tincture of polite learning in his court. An intrigue he had in his youth with the lady of a *Polish* gentleman being discovered, the husband caused him to be whipt, and then tied naked upon a wild Horse, and sent to ramble in that condition, The horse, which had been brought out of *Ukrania*, returned into its own country, and carried *Mazeppa* with him half killed with hunger and fatigue. Some of the country people gave him relief; he lived a long time among them, and signalized himself in several excursions against the *Tartars*. The superiority of his Understanding made him very considerable among the *Cossacks*, and his reputation daily encreasing, obliged the Czar to make him Prince of *Ukrania*.

One day as he sat at table with the Czar at *Moscow*, the Emperor proposed to him to discipline the *Cossacks* and render those people more dependant. *Mazeppa* answered, that the situation of *Ukrania*, and the genius of the nation, were obstacles not to be surmounted. The Czar, who was somewhat overheated with wine, and did not always command his passion, called him traitor, and threatened to have him impaled.

*Mazeppa*, upon his return into *Ukrania*, laid the scheme of a revolt. The *Swedish* army, which appeared soon after upon the frontiers, opened him an easy way to it; and he took a resolution of becoming independent, and raising himself a powerful Kingdom out of *Ukrania*, and the ruins of the *Russian* empire. He was a person of great courage, of an enterprising genius, and indefatigable labour; he entered into a secret league with the King of *Sweden*, to hasten the downfall of the Czar, and make his own advantage of it.

The King appointed the Rendezvous near the River *Desna*. *Mazeppa* promised to meet him there with forty thousand Men, proper Ammunition and Provisions, and all his treasures, which are immensely large. The *Swedish* Army therefore was ordered to march towards that side of the Country, to the great Astonishment of all the Officers, who knew nothing of the King's Treaty with the *Cossacks*. *Charles* sent Orders to *Levenbaup*, to bring up his Troops and Provisions with all speed into *Ukrania*, where he designed to pass the Winter; that having secured that Country to himself, he might conquer *Muscovy* the next spring; in the mean time he advanced towards the River *Desna*, which falls into the *Borysthenes* at *Kiou*.

The Obstacles they had hitherto encountered in their March were trifles to those they met with in this new Road. They were obliged to cross a Forest thirty leagues broad, which abounded in marshes. *General Lagercron*, who marched before, with five thousand Men and Pioneers, led the Army thirty leagues eastward out of the right way; and they had reached four Days before the King discovered the mistake. With difficulty they did get into the right way again, but left almost all their Artillery and Wagons behind, which were either stuck fast, or quite sunk in the mud.

They marched for twelve Days in this painful and tedious manner, till they had eat up the little Biscuit that was left, and then they arrived quite spent with Hunger and Weariness upon the banks of the *Desna*, the Place where *Mazeppa* had appointed to meet him; but instead of the Prince, they found a Body of *Cossacks* advancing towards the other side of the River. The King was very much astonished, but resolved immediately to pass the *Desna*, and attack the Army. The Banks of the River were so steep, that they were obliged to let the Soldiers down with Ropes; and they crossed it, according to their usual manner.



manner, some by swimming, and others on flo  
hastily made. The body of *Muscovites*, which arriv  
ed at the same time, were not above eight thou  
sand men; so that they made but small resistance  
and this obstacle was also surmounted.

*Charles* advanced farther into this wretched cou  
try, uncertain of his road and *Mazeppa's* fidelity. *Mazeppa* appeared at last, but rather as a fugitive than  
powerful ally. The *Muscovites* had discovered and  
prevented his designs. They had fallen upon the  
*Cossacks*, and cut them to pieces; his principal friends  
were taken sword in hand, and thirty of them had  
been broke upon the wheel. His towns were  
in ashes, his treasures plundered, the provisions  
was preparing for the King of *Sweden* seized; and  
he was scarce able to escape himself with six thou  
sand men, and some few horses laden with gold  
and silver. However, he gave the King hopes  
supporting him by his intelligences in this unknown  
country, and the affection of all the *Cossacks*, who  
enraged against the *Moscovites*, came in troops to  
camp, and brought them provisions.

*Charles* hoped at least that General *Levenhaup* would  
come and repair this ill fortune. He was to bring  
with him about fifteen thousand *Swedes*, who were  
more valuable than a hundred thousand *Cossacks*, with  
provisions of ammunition and victual. He arrived  
at last, but almost in the same condition as *Mazeppa*.

He had already passed the *Boristhenes* above *Mobila*  
and advanced about twenty leagues farther, on the  
road to *Ukrania*. He brought the King a convoy of  
eight thousand waggons, with the money he had  
raised in *Lithuania*, and as he was upon his march  
Upon coming up towards *Lefno*, near the place  
where the rivers of *Pronia* and *Sossa* join to dissem  
bogue themselves far below into the *Boristhenes*,  
*Czar* appeared at the head of fifty thousand men.

The *Swedish* General, who had not quite sixteen thousand, resolved not to entrench. Their many victories had inspired the *Swedes* with so much confidence, that they never enquired after the number of the enemy, but only where they lay. *Levenhaup* therefore marched against them without hesitation on the seventh of *October* 1708, in the afternoon. On the first onset they killed fifteen hundred *Muscovites*. The Czar's army fell into confusion, and fled on all sides; and the Emperor of *Russia* was upon the point of seeing himself entirely defeated. He perceived that the safety of his dominions depended on the action of that day, and that he was utterly alone, if *Levenhaup* joined the King of *Sweden* with his victorious army.

As soon as he saw his troops begin to fall back, he ran to the rear-guard, where the *Cossacks* and *Calmucks* were posted: *I charge you*, says he, *to fire upon every man that runs away, and even to kill me, if I should be so cowardly, as to turn my back*. From thence he returned to the van-guard, rallied his troops in person, assisted by Prince *Menzikof*, and Prince *Gallitsin*. *Levenhaup*, who had pressing orders to join his majesty, chose rather to continue on his march than re-tire from the fight, thinking he had done enough to discourage the enemy from pursuing.

At eleven the next morning the Czar attacked him at the entrance upon a morass, and drew out his army to such length, that he might surround him. The *Swedes* faced about, and the fight lasted two hours with equal resolution. The *Muscovites* lost three times as many men, but still kept their ground, and the victory was undecided.

At four in the afternoon General *Baver* brought the Czar a supply of troops. The battle was then renewed for the third time, with more fury and eagerness than ever, and lasted till night came on. At last the numbers carried it. The *Swedes* were broke, routed,

ed, and driven as far as to their Baggage. *Levenhaup* rallied his Troops behind his Waggon, and though the *Swedes* were conquered, they did not fly. There were about nine thousand, and not one single Man of them ran away; and the General drew them as easily in order of Battle, as though they had never been beaten.

The Czar on the other side passed the night under Arms, and commanded his Officers under pain of being cashiered, and his Soldiers under pain of Death not to stir for plunder.

The next Morning at day-break, he ordered a fresh Assault. *Levenhaup* had retired to an advantageous Ground at some Miles distance, after having nailed down part of his Cannon, and set fire to his Waggon.

The *Muscovites* came time enough to hinder the whole Convoy from being consumed in the Flame; they seized upon six thousand Waggon, which they saved. The Czar, who was desirous of completing the Defeat of the *Swedes*, sent General *Flug* to fall upon them again the fifth time; and the General offered them an honourable Capitulation, *Levenhaup* refused it, and the fifth Battle was as bloody as any the former. Of the nine thousand Soldiers he left, he lost one half, and the other remained broken. At last night coming on, *Levenhaup*, after having sustained five Battles against fifty thousand men swam over the *Soffa*, followed by the six thousand men he had left alive, and the wounded were carried over on floats. The Czar lost above twenty thousand *Muscovites* in these five Engagements, in which he had the Glory of conquering the *Swedes*, and *Levenhaup* the Reputation of disputing the Victory three Days, and of retreating without being broken at last. He then came to his Master's Camp with Honour of having made so good a Defence, bringing with him neither Ammunition nor Arms.

King Stanislaus would have been glad to have  
seen Charles at the same time, but the Muscovites  
who had conquered *Levenhaup*, lay in his way, and  
*Mausky* employed him enough in *Poland*.  
The King of *Sweden* thus found himself without  
visions or communication with *Poland*, surrounded  
by enemies in the midst of a country, where he  
found scarce any refuge but his courage.  
In this extremity the memorable winter of 1709,  
which was still more terrible in those frontiers of  
*Europe*, than it was in *France*, carried off part of his  
army. Charles resolved to brave the seasons, as he  
had done his enemies, and ventured to make long  
marches with his troops during the excessive severi-  
ty of the weather. 'Twas in one of these marches  
that two thousand of his men were starved to death  
right before his eyes. The horsemen had no boots,  
the foot were without shoes, and almost with-  
out clothes. They were forced to make stockings  
of the skins of beasts, in the best manner they could.  
They often wanted bread. They were obliged to  
sell the best part of their cannon into quagmires  
and rivers, for want of horses to draw them along.  
At this once flourishing army was reduced to four  
or twenty thousand men ready to perish for hun-  
ger. They neither received news from *Sweden*, nor  
were able to send thither. In this condition one sin-  
gle officer complained. *How, says the King, are you  
able to send thither? that you are so far from your wife? If you are  
an officer indeed, I will carry you to that distance, that  
you shall scarce bear from Sweden once in three years.*  
A soldier grumbling, ventur'd to present him, in  
the name of the whole army, with a piece of bread,  
which was black and mouldy, made of barley and oats,  
the only food they then had, nor had they enough  
of it. The King received the piece of bread without  
any emotion, eat it entirely up, and then said  
to the soldier, *It is not good, but it may be ea-*  
*ten,*

*ten.* This little turn, if any thing may be called  
 tle, that serves to increase respect and confidence  
 contributed more than all the rest to support the  
*disb* army under extremities, which would have been  
 intolerable under any other General.

In this situation he at last received news from  
*Stockholm*, but it was only to inform him of the death  
 of his sister the Duchess of *Holfstein*, who was carried  
 off by the small-pox in *December* 1708, in the 21<sup>st</sup>  
 year of her age. She was a Princess as mild and  
 compassionate, as her brother was imperious in his  
 demands, and implacable in his revenge. He had  
 always expressed a very great affection for her,  
 was the more afflicted at her loss, as beginning  
 to grow unfortunate, he became sensible of deep  
 impressions.

He learnt also that they had raised troops and  
 were pursuant to his orders: But nothing could reach  
 his camp; as there lay between him and *Stockholm*  
 near five hundred leagues, and an enemy superior in  
 number to encounter.

The Czar, who was as active as the King of  
*Sweden*, after having sent fresh forces into *Poland*, to the  
 assistance of the confederates, united under General  
*Siniansky* against *Stanislaus*, advanced very soon into  
*Ukrania* in the midst of this severe winter, to oppose  
 the King of *Sweden*. He continued there with the  
 view of weakening the enemy by small engagements;  
 for by this means he thought the Swedish  
 army must be ruined entirely at last, as it could  
 not be recruited, whilst he was able to draw  
 forces every moment out of his own dominions.

The cold there must have been excessive in  
 since it obliged the two enemies to agree upon a  
 suspension of arms. But upon the first of *February*  
 they began to engage again in the midst of ice and  
 snow.



After several small skirmishes, and some disadvantages, the King's army was reduced in *April* to eight thousand *Swedes*. *Mazeppa* alone, the Prince of *Cossacks*, supplied them with the necessaries of life. Without his assistance, the army must have perished through hunger and misery. The Czar, in this conjuncture, offered conditions to *Mazeppa*, to draw him in into his service. But the *Cossack* continued faithful to his new ally, whether it were through fear of the terrible punishment of the Wheel, by which he had lost his friends, or whether through a desire of revenge.

*Charles* with his eighteen thousand *Swedes*, and many *Cossacks*, had not laid aside the design, or hopes of penetrating as far as *Moscow*. Towards the end of *May* he went to lay siege to *Pultawa*, upon the river *Vorsklat*, on the borders of *Ukrania* eastward, but thirteen long leagues from the *Borysthenes* where the Czar had made a magazine. If the King took it, he would open him the road to *Moscow*, and in the confidence he should then possess, he could at least wait for the coming up of the succours he still expected from *Sweden*, *Livonia*, *Pomerania*, and *Poland*. His sole refuge being then in the conquest of *Pultawa*. He carried on the siege with vigour. *Mazeppa*, who maintained a correspondence in the town, assured him he would sooner be master of it, and hope began to revive in his army. His soldiers looked upon the taking of *Pultawa* as the end of all their miseries.

The King perceived, from the beginning of the siege, that he had taught his enemies the art of war. Since *Menzikoff*, notwithstanding his all precautions, drew fresh troops into the town, and the garrison, by this means amounted to almost ten thousand men. The King continued the siege will still more impatiently, he carried the advanced works, gave two assaults to the body of the place, and took the court. The siege was in this condition, when the King,

King, having rode into the river to take a near view of some of the works, received a shot from a carbine, which pierced through his boot, and shattered a bone of his heel. There was not the least alteration observed in his countenance, by which could be suspected that he was wounded. He continued calmly to give orders and remained near hours on horseback afterwards. One of his domesticks at last perceiving that the sole of his boot was bloody, made haste to call the surgeons; and his pain then began to be so sharp, that they were forced to take him off his horse, and carry him into his tent. The surgeons looking upon the wound, observed that it already began to mortify, and were of opinion, that the leg must be cut off. The army was in the utmost consternation; but one of the surgeons named *Newman*, who was better skilled, and more courageous than the rest, was positive, that by making deep incisions, he could save the King's leg. *to work then presently*, says the King, *cut boldly, I care nothing*. He held the leg himself with both his hands, looking upon the incisions that were made, as though the operation had been performed upon another person.

As they were laying on the dressing, he gave orders for an assault the next morning; but the orders were scarce given, before word was brought that the Czar appeared with an army of above seventy thousand men. He was therefore obliged to make another resolution. *Charles*, wounded, and incapable of acting, saw himself inclosed between the *Borysthenes* and the river which runs to *Pultawa*, in a desert country, without any places of security or ammunition, and opposed to an army, which had prevented him either from retreating, or being supply'd with provisions. In this extremity, he assembled no council of war, as might have been expected; but on the 7th of *July* at night he sent for *Mareschal Reni* into his tent, and ordered him, without deliberation

and without uneasiness, to prepare to attack the Czar the next morning. *Renchild* did not dispute his Master's Will, but went out with a Resolution to obey him. At the door of the King's Tent he met *Count Piper*, with whom he had long been at Variance, as it often happens between the Minister and the General. *Piper* asked him, if any thing new had happened : No, says the General coldly, and passed on to give his Orders. As soon as *Piper* was entered into the Tent, *Has Renchild said any thing to you*, says the King to him. Nothing, answers *Piper*. *Well then*, replies the King, *I tell you, that to Morrow we shall give Battle*. *Count Piper* was astonished at so desperate a Resolution ; but knew well that his Master could not be prevailed on to change his Opinion ; he only express'd his Astonishment by his Silence, and left the King to sleep till break of Day.

'Twas on the 8th of July 1709, that the decisive Battle of *Pultawa* was fought between the two most famous Monarchs then in the World, *Charles XII.* and *Peter Alexiowitz*. To have a clear Idea of this Battle, and the Place where it was fought, we must imagine *Pultawa* lying on the North, the Camp of the King of *Sweden* on the South, drawing a little towards the East, his Baggage about a mile behind him, and the River of *Pultawa* on the North of the Town, running from East to West.

The Czar had passed the River about a league from *Pultawa* towards the West, and was beginning to form his Camp.

At Day-break the *Swedes* appeared out of their trenches with four Cannons for their whole Artillery ; the rest were left in the Camp with about three thousand Men ; and four thousand remained with the Baggage. So that the *Swedish* Army, which marched against the Enemy, consisted of above five and twenty thousand Men, whereof there were not above twelve thousand regular Troops.

The Generals; *Renschild*, *Field*, *Levenhaup*, *Slipenbak*, *Hoorn*, *Sparre*, *Hamilton*, the Prince of *Wurtemberg* who was related to the King, and some others, most of whom had seen the battle of *Narva*, put the subaltern officers in mind of that day, when eight thousand *Swedes* had destroyed an army of a hundred thousand *Muscovites* in their intrenchments. The officers said the same thing to the soldiers, and all encouraged one another as they marched.

The King conducted the march, carried in a litter at the head of his foot. A party of horse advanced by his order to attack that of the enemy. The battle began with this engagement at half an hour after four in the morning. The enemy's horse lay westward on the right of the *Muscovite* camp; Prince *Menzikoff* and Count *Gallowin* had placed them at distances between redoubts fortified with cannon. General *Slipenbak*, at the head of the *Swedes*, fell upon them. All who have served in the *Swedish* troops know that it was almost impossible to resist the fury of their first shock. The *Muscovite* squadrons were broken and routed. The Czar himself ran to rally them, and his hat was shot through with a musket ball; *Menzikoff* had three horses killed under him; and the *Swedes* cried out Victory.

*Charles* did not doubt but the battle was gained; he had dispatched General *Creuts* about midnight with five thousand horse or dragoons, who were to take the enemy in flank, whilst he attacked them in front; but his misfortune was, that *Creuts* went out of the way, and did not appear. The Czar, who had thought himself lost, had time to rally his horse. He fell upon the King's cavalry in his turn, which, being supported by *Creuts's* detachment, was broken likewise, and *Slipenbak* taken prisoner in the engagement. At the same time seventy two cannons from the camp played upon the *Swedish* horse, and the

*Russians*

*Russian* foot opening from their lines, advanced to attack the *Swedish* infantry.

The Czar immediately detaches Prince *Menzikof* to post himself between *Pultawa* and the *Swedes*; Prince *Menzikof* executed his masters orders with dexterity and readiness; and not only cut off the communication between the *Swedish* army, and the troops remaining in the camp, before *Pultawa*, but meeting with a *Corps de Reserve* of three thousand men, he surrounded them, and cut them in pieces.

In the mean time the *Moscovite* foot came out of their lines, and advanced in order into the plain. And on the other side, the *Swedish* horse rallied within a quarter of a league from the enemy's army. And the King, assisted by General *Rencbild*, made a disposition for a general engagement.

He ranged what troops were left him in two lines; his foot were posted in the center, and his horse made up the two wings. The Czar disposed his army in the same manner; he had the advantage of numbers, and of seventy two cannon, whilst the *Swedes* had no more than four, and began to want powder.

The Emperor of *Moscow* was in the center of his army, having then the title only of Major General, and seemed to serve under General *Cseremetof*. But he went as Emperor from rank to rank, mounted on a *Turkish* horse, which was a present from the Grand Signor, exhorting the officers and soldiers, and promising every one of them rewards.

*Charles* did all he could to sit his horse at the head of his troops; but finding the posture too painful, he returned to his litter, holding his sword in one hand, and a pistol in the other.

At nine in the morning the battle was renewed; one of the first discharges of the *Muscovite* cannon carried off the two horses of the King's litter; he caused two others to be strait put to it, and a second



volley broke the litter in Pieces, and overturned the King. The Troops which fought near him believed him killed. The *Swedes* in consternation lost Ground, and their Powder failing, and the Enemy's Cannon continuing to play upon them, the first line fell back upon the second, and the second fled. In this last Action the *Swedish* Army was routed by a single line of ten thousand Men of the *Muscovite* foot; so much were matters changed.

The King, carried upon Pikes by four Grenadiers, covered with Blood, and all over bruised with his Fall, and scarcely able to speak, cried out, *Swedes, Swedes*, Anger and Grief renewing his Strength, he tried to rally some of his Regiments. But the *Muscovites* closely pursued them with their Swords, Bayonets, and Pikes. The Prince of *Wirttemberg*, General *Renchild*, *Hamilton*, and *Stakelberg*, were already taken Prisoners, the Camp before *Pultawa* forced, and all in a Confusion, which did not admit of any remedy. Count *Piper* with all the Officers of the Chancery had quitted the Camp, and neither knew what to do, nor what was become of the King. They ran from one side of the Plain to the other. Major *Bere* offered to lead them to the Baggage; but the Clouds of Dust and Smoak, which covered the Field, and their own Confusion, carried them strait to the counter-scarp, of the Town, where they were all taken Prisoners by the Garrison.

The King would not fly, and could not defend himself. General *Poniatosky* chanced to be by him that instant; he was a Colonel of the *Swedish* Guards of King *Stanislaus*, and a Person of uncommon merit, whom his Attachment to the Person of *Charles* had engaged to follow him into *Ukrania* without any Post in the Army. He was one, who in all Occurrences of his Life, and in Dangers, where others at most would have only behaved with Courage, shewed a Command of understanding, which was ever attended

attended with Success, he made a sign to a young Swede named *Frederick*, the King's first valet de chambre, and as intrepid as his Master; they take the King under their Arms, and assisted by a *Drabant* who came up to them, mount him on Horseback, notwithstanding the excessive Pains of his Wound. *Frederick* got up behind his Master, and supported him from time to time.

*Poniatosky*, though he had no Command in the Army, being made a General on this occasion by necessity, drew up five hundred Horse near the King's Person; some of them *Drabants*, others Officers, others private Troopers. This Body, re-animated by the Misfortune of their Prince, made their Way through more than ten Regiments of *Muscovites*, and conducted *Charles* through the midst of the Enemy, the space of a league, to the Baggage of the *Swedish* Army.

This surprizing Retreat was of great Consequence in such Distress, but the King was under a necessity of flying still farther. They found amongst the Baggage Count *Piper's* Coach, for the King never had one since he left *Stockholm*. They put him into it, and made towards the *Borysthenes* with all possible speed. The King, who from the time he was set on Horseback till he came to the Baggage, had never spoke one single Word, then asked what was become of Count *Piper*. They told him he was taken with all the Officers of Chancery: And General *Renchild*, and the *Prince of Wirtemberg*? added the King. They are Prisoners too, says *Poniatosky*. Prisoners to *Muscovites*! replies *Charles*, shrugging up his Shoulders. Come on then, let us go to the *Turks* rather. They did not observe however the least Alteration in his Countenance, and whoever had then seen him, and not known his Condition, would have never suspected him to have been either conquered or wounded.

Whilst he was getting off, the *Muscovites* seized upon his artillery in the camp before *Pultawa*, his baggage, and the money he had raised for carrying on the war, where they found six millions in specie, the spoils of *Poland* and *Saxony*. Near nine thousand *Swedes* were killed in the battle, about six thousand were taken, three or four thousand ran away, and were never heard of since. There still remained near eighteen thousand men, comprehending the *Cossaks*, with the *Swedes* and *Poles* who fled towards the *Borysthenes*, under the direction of General *Levenhaup*. He marched on one side with these fugitive troops, whilst the King took another road, with some of his horse. The coach in which he road, broke down in his march, and they set him again on horseback. And to finish his misfortune, he rambled all night in a wood; there his courage not being able to supply any longer his exhausted spirits, and the pains of his wounds becoming more insupportable by fatigue, and his horse falling under him thro' excessive weariness, he rested himself for some hours at the foot of a tree, in danger of being surprised every moment by the conquerors, who sought for him on all sides.

At last, on the 9th of *July* at night, he found himself upon the banks of the *Borysthenes*, and *Levenhaup* just arrived with the remains of his army. The *Swedes* saw their King again, whom they judged to have have been dead, with a joy mixed with sorrow. The enemy drew nigh, and they had no bridge to pass over, nor time to make one, nor powder to defend themselves against the enemy who came upon them, nor provisions to hinder the army from perishing with hunger, who had eat nothing for a whole day: But what gave the *Swedes* the greatest uneasiness, was the danger of their King. By good fortune, there was still left a sorry calash, which by chance they had brought along with them; this they

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embarked in a little boat, and the King and General *Mazeppa* in another. The latter had saved several coffers full of money, but the current being very rapid, and a violent wind beginning to blow, the *Cossack* threw more than three parts of his treasures into the river, to lighten the boat. *Mullern* the King's Chancellor, and Count *Poniatosky*, who was now more than ever necessary to the King, for his remarkable presence of mind under difficulties, crossed over in other barks with some of the officers. Three hundred troopers of the King's guards, and a very great number of *Poles* and *Cossacks* relying upon the goodness of their horses, ventured to pass the river by swimming. Their troop keeping close together resisted the current, and broke the waves; but all who attempted to cross separately a little below, were carried away by the stream, and sunk in the river. Of all the foot who tried to pass over, there were not one who got to the other side.

Whilst the routed part of the army were in this extremity, Prince *Menzikoff* came up with ten thousand horse, having each a foot soldier behind him. The carcasses of the *Swedes* that lay dead in the way, of their wounds, fatigue, and hunger, sufficiently pointed out to Prince *Menzikoff* the road which the body of the army had taken. The Prince sent a trumpeter to the *Swedish* General, to offer him a capitulation. Four general officers were presently sent by *Levenhaup* to receive the law of the conqueror. Before that day sixteen thousand soldiers of King *Charles* would have attacked all the forces of the *Russian* Empire, and have perished to the last man, rather than have surrender'd; but after a battle lost, and a flight of two days, not having their eyes any longer upon their Prince, who was constrained to fly himself, the strength of every soldier being spent, and their courage no longer supported by any hope, the love of life took place of intrepidity. The whole

Army were made Prisoners of War. Some of the Soldiers in despair to fall into the Hands of the *Muscovites*, threw themselves into the *Borysthenes*; and the rest were made Slaves. They all fled off in Presence of Prince *Menzikoff*, laying their Arms at his Feet, as thirty thousand *Muscovites* had done nine Years before at the King of *Sweden's* at *Narva*. But whereas the King then sent back all the *Muscovite* Prisoners, whom he was not afraid of, the Czar retained all the *Swedes* that were taken at *Pultawa*.

These unhappy Creatures were afterwards dispersed in the Czar's Dominions, and particularly in *Siberia*, a vast Province of the greater *Tartary*, which extends itself Eastward to the Frontiers of the *Chinese* Empire. In this barbarous Country, where even the use of Bread was not then known, the *Swedes* grown ingenious by necessity, exercised the Trades and Arts they had formerly been trained up to. And all the Distinctions, which Fortune makes among Men, were then banished. The Officer, who could follow no handicraft Trade, was forced to cleave and carry Wood for the Soldier, that was now turned Taylor, Draper, Joiner, Mason or Smith, and got a Subsistence by his Labour. Some of the Officers became Painters, and others Architects; and some of them taught languages and mathematicks; they even went so far as to erect publick Schools, which in time grew to be so useful and famous, that they sent children thither for Education from *Moscow*.

Count *Piper*, the King of *Sweden's* first Minister, was a long time imprison'd at *Petersbourg*. The Czar was of Opinion with the rest of *Europe*, that this Minister had sold his Master to the Duke of *Marlbrough*, and had brought the arms of *Sweden* upon *Moscovy*, which might have given Peace to *Europe*; and he made his captivity the more severe upon this supposition. *Piper* died some years after at *Moscow*, having received but little assistance from his family, which



which lived in great opulence at *Stockholm*, and ineffectually lamented by his King, who would never condescend to offer a ransom for his Minister, which he feared the Czar would not accept; for there was never any cartel of exchange between *Charles* and the Czar.

The Emperor of *Moscovy*, elate with a joy he was under no concern to dissemble, received upon the field of battle the prisoners they brought him in troops, and asked every moment, Where then is my brother *Charles*?

He paid the *Swedish* Generals the compliment of inviting them to dine with him. Amongst other questions, he asked General *Renschild*, what number the troops of the King his master might amount to before the battle? *Renschild* answered, That the King only kept the List of them, which he never communicated to any body; but he thought the whole might be about five and thirty thousand men, whereof eighteen thousand were *Swedes*, and the rest *Cossacks*. The Czar seemed surprized, and asked how they durst venture to penetrate into so distant a country, and lay siege to *Pultawa*, with such a handful of men! We were not always consulted, answers the *Swedish* General, but as faithful servants we obey'd our master's orders, without ever contradicting them. The Czar, upon this answer, turned round towards certain courtiers, who had formerly been suspected of engaging in a conspiracy against him, *Ab*, says he, *see how a Sovereign should be obeyed*. And then, taking a Glass of Wine, *To the Healths*, says he, *of my masters in the art of war*. *Renschild* asked, Who those were whom he honoured with so high a Title? *You, Gentlemen, the Swedish Generals*, replies the Czar. *Your Majesty then*, says *Renschild*, *is very ungrateful, to handle your masters so severely*. When dinner was over, the Czar ordered their swords to be restored to all the General officers, and treated them as a Prince who had a

mind to give his subjects lessons of generosity and civility.

Thus the *Swedish* army, which left *Saxony* so triumphant, was now no more. One half of them perished by want, and the other half were made slaves, or massacred. *Charles XII.* had lost, in one day, the fruit of nine years pains, and almost a hundred battles. He fled in a wretched calash, having Major General *Hoord* by his side dangerously wounded. The rest of his troops followed, some on foot, others on horseback, and some in waggons, across a desert, where they found neither huts, tents, men, animals or roads; every thing was wanted there, even to water itself. 'Twas then the beginning of *July*; the country situate in the 47th degree; the dry land of the desert rendered the heat of the sun more insupportable; the horses fell by the way, and the men were ready to die with thirst. Count *Poniatosky*, who was a little better mounted than the rest, advanced before them into the plain, and having spied a willow, he judged there must be water nigh, and he sought about, till he found the spring. This happy discovery saved the lives of the King of *Sweden's* little troop. After five days march, he found himself upon the banks of the river *Hippanis*, now called the *Bogh* by the barbarians. This river joins the *Borysbenes* some miles lower, and falls along with it into the *Black Sea*.

Beyond the *Bogh*, toward the south, lies the little town of *Ozakou*; a frontier of the *Turkish* Empire. The inhabitants seeing a troop of soldiers coming towards them, whose dress and language they were strangers to, refused to carry them over to *Ozakou*, without an order from *Mahomet Basbaw*, the Governour of the town. The King sent an express to the Governour to ask a passage; but the *Turk* not knowing what to do in a country, where a false step very often costs a man his life, durst take nothing upon him-

himself, without having first the permission of the Bascha of the province, who resides at *Bender* in *Bessarabia*, thirty leagues from *Ozakou*. The permission came, with orders to pay the King all the honours due to a monarch allied to the Porte, and to furnish him with all necessary provisions. During these delays, the *Moscovites* having passed the *Borysthenes*, pursued the King with all possible speed, and if they had come an hour sooner, they must have taken him. He had scarce passed the *Bogh* in the *Turkish* Boats, before his enemies appeared, to the number of almost six thousand horse; and his Majesty had the misfortune of seeing five hundred of his little troop, who had not been able to get over time enough, seized by the *Moscovites* on the side the river. The Bascha of *Ozakou* asked his pardon by an interpreter for the delays, which had occasioned the taking those five hundred men prisoners, and besought him not to complain of it to the Grand Signor. *Charles* promised him he would not, but gave him at the same time a severe reprimand, as if he had been speaking to one of his own subjects.

The Commander of *Bender*, who was also *Serafquier*, a title which answers to that of General, and Bascha of the province, which signifies Governor and Intendant, sent presently an Aga to compliment the King, and offer him a magnificent tent, with provisions, baggage, waggons, and all the conveniencies, officers and attendants requisite to conduct him handsomely to *Bender*.

*The End of the Fourth Book.*

THE

T H E  
H I S T O R Y  
O F  
C H A R L E S X I I .  
K I N G of S W E D E N .  
B O O K V .

**A** C M E T III. was at that time Emperor of the *Turks*. He had been placed upon the throne in 1703, in the room of his brother *Mustapha*, by a revolution like that in *England*, which transferred the crown from *James II.* to his son-in-law *William*.

To him the King of *Sweden* fled for refuge: and he had no sooner set his foot upon the Sultan's territories at *Ozakou*, than he wrote him the following letter.

To the most High, most Glorious, Invincible and August Emperor of many Empires, King of many Kingdoms, Head and Protector of many Nations, may the Almighty bless and prolong your Reign.

**T** H I S Letter sign'd with our Royal Hand, is to acquaint your Imperial Highness, that having punished with no less success than justice the treacherous breakers of

the faith of Treaties, and the Law of Nations; having driven King Augustus out of Poland, of which he was neither the Tyrant than the King, and given the Poles a King of their own nation, who is a friend to your sublime Porte; and having pursued the Czar flying as far as Altawa, Heaven has permitted our Army, tired out with long marches, and in want of every thing, to be overwhelmed by the Enemy that were thrice in Number, and has suffered this Day to be a Day of Grief and Misfortune to us.

Not being in a Place to raise new Forces, and disdain-  
ing to fall into barbarous and perfidious Hands, we are come to seek Refuge and Assistance in the Territories of your Imperial Highness, that we may be enabled to return to Poland, in order to rejoin our Armies, and support the King we have made there.

What we desire is to have you our Friends, and be our  
Lives yours. As a proof of our sincere Affection, we present to you, that if you give the Czar, whose Ambition is neither directed by Justice, nor Honour, nor true Courage, time to take the Advantage of our Distress, he will fall upon your Territories, when you little expect him, as he has invaded our Countries; but why do I say when you little expect him? Has he not already built Forts upon the Tanais and the Palus Mæotis? Does he not already threaten you with his Fleets? To prevent this, there can be no way so proper as by a new Alliance between your sublime Porte and Us, provided we can but return to Poland, and to our own Frontiers with your valiant Troops, and carry our Arms again into the Empire of this perfidious Czar, to put a stop to his unjust Ambition.

We shall never forget the Favours we shall receive from you, and shall value ourselves upon being inviolably,  
Your faithful Friend,

Ozakou,

July 1709.

Charles XII.

Son of Charles XI.

The



The King suffered this Letter to be sent away, tho' it too much injured the Character of his Enemies as well as disguised his own. Perhaps after having treated the Czar and King *Augustus* with great Respect in his Victories, his Defeat had sowed him or else he took it for *Turkish* Breeding, to rail at those against whom we ask Assistance.

*Achmet*, who had been beforehand with him, by sending a solemn Embassy in the time of his Victories, made him sensible now of the Difference he made between an Emperor of the *Turks*, and a King of Part of *Scandinavia*, a Christian vanquished and fugitive. He did not answer him till six Months after, and then refused to speak out upon the Alliance proposed against the Czar.

*This Proposal*, says the Sultan to him in his Letter *requires a deliberate Examination. I shall leave it to the Wisdom of my great Divan. I value your Friendship, and grant you mine together with my Protection. I have given Orders to the Basbas of Natolia and Rmelia, to provide a Guard to conduct you safely where you think proper. Jussuf the Basba Serasquier of Bender, will advance you five hundred Dollars a Day, with all necessary Provisions for your self and your Attendants, and Horses, that you may live as becomes a King.*

*Given at Constantinople the first Day of the Month Sheval, the 1121 Year of the Hegira.*

From the first moment of King *Charles's* repairing to the *Turkish* Territories, he had laid the design of turning the *Ottoman* Arms upon his Enemies: He already fancied he saw himself at the Head of the *Turkish* Forces, reducing *Poland* again under the Yoke, and subduing *Muscovy*. *M. de Neughaver* set out from *Orskou* for *Constantinople*, with the Character of King's Envoy Extraordinary. Count *Poniatosky*, a person equally capable and resolute, of an engaging and agreeable temper, both with the talent of persuading and pleasing all nations, attended the *Swedish* emb

at in a private capacity, in order to sound the dispositions of the *Constantinopolitan* Ministry, without being tied up to the usual forms, and giving too much ground for suspicion: he knew how to gain in a short time the favour of the Grand Visir, who loaded him with presents; and had the art to convey a letter of the King of *Sweden's* to the Sultana *Valide*, Mother to the Emperor then upon the Throne, who formerly had been ill used by her Son, but now began to recover her Interest in the *Seraglio*. He entered into a close Friendship with one *Bru* a *Frenchman*, who had been Chancellor to the *French* Embassy. This Man was perpetually talking of the King of *Sweden's* Exploits to the Chief of the Sultana's Eunuchs, who charmed his Mistress with repeating them. The Sultana, by a secret Inclination with which most Women find themselves surprized in favour of extraordinary Men, even without having ever seen them, took the King's Part openly in the *Seraglio*, she called him by no other Name than that of her Lion: *And when will you, said she sometimes to the Sultan her Son, help my Lion to devour this Czar?* She even dispensed with the strict Rules of the *Seraglio*, so far as to write several Letters with her own hand to Count *Poniatosky*, in whose Custody they still are at the Time of my writing this History. One of the shrewdest of those that entered into *Poniatosky's* Designs, was *Fonesca* a *Portuguese* Physician, fixed at *Constantinople*, a learned and ingenious Person, who joined the knowledge of men to that of his own art, and whose profession procured him access to the *Ottoman Porte*, and often in intimacy with the Visirs.

At length the King of *Sweden's* party was become so powerful at *Constantinople*, by *Poniatosky's* management, that the faction of the *Muscovite* Envoy thought their only refuge was to poison him. Accordingly they prevailed upon one of his domesticks to give him poison in a dish of coffee; but the crime was disco-

discovered before it was put in execution. The Poison was found in the servant's hands, in a little Phial which they carried to the Grand Signor. The Poisoner was tried in full Divan, and condemned to the Gallies; for the *Turkish* Law never punishes such Crimes capitally, as were intended only, but not executed.

The Grand Visir appeared as eager as the Sultan *Valide*, to serve the King of Sweden: He told *Poniatoski*, giving him at the same time a Purse of 1000 Ducats, *I will take your King in one hand, and a Sword in the other, and carry him to Moscow, at the head of 200000 Men.*

However the King was conducted to *Bender* in a pompous manner, thro' the desert that was formerly called the Wilderness of the *Geta*. The *Turks* took care that nothing should be wanting upon the Road to make his Journey agreeable.

The King chose to encamp near *Bender*, rather than lodge in the Town. The *Serasquier Jussuff Basha* caused a magnificent Tent to be pitched for him, and Tents also were provided for all the Lords of his Retinue. Some time after, the King built a House in this Place, and his Officers did the same after his Example: The Soldiers also raised Barracks; so that the Camp, by degrees, became a little Town. The King being not yet cured of his Wound, was obliged to have a carious bone taken out of his Foot; but as soon as he was able to mount a horse, he renewed his usual Fatigues, rising always before the Sun, tiring three horses a day, and exercising his Soldiers; but sometimes he play'd at chess with General *Poniatoski*, or *Mr. de Grothusen*, his Treasurer. Those who had mind to gain his Favour, attended him at his horse courses, and were all day long in their boots. One Morning going into the House of his Chancellor *Mullern*, who was asleep, he forbid them to awake him, and waited in the Antichamber, where there was

a large

large Fire in the Chimney, and near it several pair Shoes that *Mullern* had sent for from *Germany*, for his own use. The King threw them all into the Fire, and then went away. When the Chancellor, upon asking, perceived the smell of the burnt leather, and enquired into the Reason of it: *What a strange thing is this*, says he, *that his Chancellor must be always booted!*

At *Bender* he found Plenty of every thing about him; a Happiness very rarely attained to by a fugitive Prince: For besides Provision more than sufficient, and the five hundred Crowns a Day which he received from the *Ottoman* Munificence, he drew Money also from *France*, and borrowed of the Merchants at *Constantinople*. Part of this Money was employed in carrying on Intrigues in the *Seraglio*, in purchasing the favour of the *Visirs*, or procuring their Ruin. The rest he distributed profusely amongst his Officers, and Janisaries of *Bender*. *Grothusen*, his Favourite and Treasurer, was the Dispenser of his Liberalities; a man who, contrary to the Custom of Persons in that station, was as much pleased with giving as his Master. He brought him one day an account of sixty thousand Crowns in two lines, 10000 given to the *Swedes* Janisaries by the generous Orders of his Majesty, the rest spent by my self. See, says the King, *I like my Friends should give in their Accompts. Mullern makes me read whole pages for the sum of 100 Livres, but I like Grothusen's stile much better.*

One of his old Officers, thought to be a little petulant, complained to the King, that he gave all to *Grothusen*. *I give Money*, replies the King, *to none but those who know how to make use of it.*

Thus was *Charles XII.* employed at *Bender*, where he waited till an Army of *Turks* should come to his assistance. To dispose the *Ottoman* Porte to this War, he detached about 800 *Poles* and *Cossacks* of his retinue, with Orders to pass the *Neisser*, that runs by *Bender*, and

and to go and observe what passed upon the frontiers of Poland.

The *Moscovite* troops dispersed in those quarters fell immediately upon this little company, and pursued them even to the territories of the Grand Signior.

This was what the King of *Sweden* expected. His ministers and emissaries at the Porte made a great clamour against this irruption, and excited the King to vengeance: but the Czar's money removed all difficulties. *Tolstoy*, his Envoy at *Constantinople*, gave the Grand Visir and his creatures part of the six millions that had been found at *Pultawa* in the King of *Sweden*'s military chest. After such a defence, the Divan found the Czar *Not Guilty*. And so far were they from talking of making war against him, they granted such honours and privileges to his Envoy, as the *Moscovite* Ministers had never before enjoyed at *Constantinople*. He was suffered to have a *raglio*, that is, a palace, in the quarters of the Grand Visir, and to converse with the foreign ministers. The Czar thought he had power enough to demand that General *Mazeppa* should be delivered up to him, as *Charles XII.* had caused the unfortunate *Park* to be surrendered into his hands. *Chourlouly-Ali* could no longer refuse any thing to a Prince, and he backed his demand with millions. Thus, the Grand Visir, who before had made a solemn protest to carry the King of *Sweden* into *Moscovy* with a hundred thousand men, had the assurance to make a proposal to him of consenting to the sacrifice of General *Mazeppa*. King *Charles* was enraged at the question. However, it is not certain how far the Grand Visir would have carried the matter, had not *Mazeppa*, who was then seventy years of age, died at this juncture. The King's grief and resentment were very much augmented, when he understood that *Tolstoy*, now become the Czar's Ambassador at the Porte, was served in publick by the *Swedes* that



made slaves at *Pultawa*, and that these brave soldiers were daily sold in the market at *Constantinople*. Besides, the *Muscovite* Ambassador declared openly, that the *Mussulman* troops at *Bender* were placed rather as a guard upon the King, than to do him honour. King *Charles*, abandoned by the Grand Visir, and conquered by the Czar's money in *Turkey*, as he had been by his arms in *Ukrania*, found himself deluded, deceived by the Porte, and, in a manner, a prisoner among the *Tartars*. His attendants began to despair. Himself alone remained firm, and did not shew the dejection of spirit, no not for a moment. He imagined the Sultan was ignorant of the intrigues of the Grand Visir, *Chourlouly Ali*, and resolved to make himself acquainted with them, and *Poniatosky* undertook the bold commission. The Grand Signor went every Friday to the mosque, encompassed with his Soldiers, a kind of guard whose turbans were set with feathers so high, that they hid the Sultan from the eyes of the people. When any one had a petition to present to the Grand Signor, the way was to mix himself among these guards, and hold the petition up in the air. Sometimes the Sultan vouchsafed to take notice of it himself, but more frequently he ordered an Aga to take care of it, and afterwards, upon his return from the Mosque, caused the petitions to be laid before him. There is no fear of any one's daring to importune him with trifling and unnecessary petitions; that at *Constantinople*, they write less in a Year, than what is done at *Paris* in a day: much less does any one dare to present petitions against the Ministers, to the Sultan, for the most part, the Sultan remits them, without reading them. However, *Poniatosky* had no other way to convey the King of *Sweden*'s complaints to the Grand Signor. He drew up a representation against the Grand Visir sufficient to ruin him. *M. de Mevillle*, who was at that time the *French* Ambassador, translated it into *Turkish*. A *Greek* was hired to pre-

present it, who mingling himself among the Grand Signor's Guards, held up the paper so high, and so long a time, and made such a noise, that the Sultan perceived it, and took the Memoir himself.

Some days after, the Sultan, in answer to the King of Sweden's Complaints, sent him twenty five Arab Horses, one of which that had carried his Highness was covered with a Saddle and Housing enriched with precious Stones, and the Stirrups were of massy Gold. With this Present he sent an obliging Letter, but received in general terms, and such as gave reason to suspect that the Minister had done nothing without the Sultan's Consent. *Chourlouly* also, who knew him to dissemble, sent five very curious Horses to the King. But his Majesty, with a haughty Air, told the Person that brought them, *Go back to your Master, tell him, that I don't receive Presents from my Enemies.*

*M. Poniatoski* having already had the Courage to get a Petition presented against the Grand Visir, formed the dangerous Design of deposing him. He knew the Visir was no Favourite of the Sultan's Mother, and was the Aversion both of *Kislar Aga*, Chief of the black Eunuchs, and of the Aga of the Janisaries: He encouraged all three to speak against him. It was very strange to see a Christian, an Agent, without Character, of a Swedish King, had fled for Refuge to the Turks, caballing publicly in a manner at the Porte against a Vice-Roy of the Ottoman Empire, and such a one too as was both a useful Minister, and a Favourite of his Master. *Poniatoski* had never succeeded, and the bare attempt had cost him his Life, had not a stronger Power than all those in his Interests given the last Blow to the Grand Visir *Chourlouly's* Fortune.

The Sultan had a young Favourite, who has since governed the Ottoman Empire, and was killed at *Hungary* in 1716, at the Battle of *Peterwardin*, given over the Turks by Prince *Eugene of Savoy*. His

*Courmourgi Ali-Basha*. His Birth was much the same with that of *Chourlouly*, he was the Son of a Slave, as *Courmourgi* signifies: For *Courmour* is the same as Coal in *Turkish*. The Emperor *Mahomet*, the son of *Achmet III.* meeting *Courmourgi* when he was a Child, in the Forest near *Adrianople*, was so struck with his great beauty, that he sent him to the Seraglio. *Mustapha*, *Mahomet's* eldest Son and Successor, was much taken with him, and *Achmet III.* made him his Favourite. He had then no other Place but that of *Selictar Aga*, Sword-bearer to the Crown. Years would not admit of his pretending to the Office of Grand Visir, but yet he had the Ambition to

The *Swedish* Faction could never gain the Inclinations of this Favourite. He was at no time attached to King *Charles*, or any other Christian Prince, nor any of their Ministers: But on this Occasion he joined King *Charles* without designing it. He joined with the Sultana *Valide*, and the great Officers of the Porte, to contrive *Chourlouly's* Ruin, whom they hated. This old Minister, who had long and faithfully served his Master, fell a Sacrifice to the Caprice of a Boy, and the Intrigues of a Stranger. He was deprived of his Dignity and his Wealth, his Wife taken from him, who was Daughter to the last Sultan *Mehmed IV.*, and himself banish'd to *Cassa*, formerly called *Geodofia*, in *Crim Tartary*. The Bull, that is to say, the Seal of the Empire, was given to *Numan* *Crougly*, Grandson to the great *Couprougly* who had been *Candia*. This new Visir was, what Christians would hardly believe of a *Turk*, a Man of considerable Virtue, and a scrupulous Observer of the Law, which he often opposed to the Sultan's Will. He would not hear of War against *Muscovy*, which was looked upon as unjust and unnecessary. But the Attachment to his Law, which hindered him from waging War against the Czar, contrary to the Treaties, made him regard the Duty of Hospitality.

hospitality in the case of the King of Sweden. *Jaw*, said he to his Master, forbids you to invade *Czar* who has done you no injury; but commands to succour the King of Sweden, who is an unfortunate Prince, in your dominions. He sent his Majesty Purfes, every one of which amounted to 500 crowns and advised him to return peaceably into his country, through the Emperor of Germany's territories, or else in some French vessels that were lying at the Porte of Constantinople, and which *M. Feriolle*, the French Embassador at the Porte, offered *King Charles* to transport him to *Marseilles*.

At this juncture the *Czar* having quartered his forces in *Lithuania*, and given orders for carrying the siege of *Riga*, returned to *Moscow*, to show his people a sight as new as any thing he had yet seen in his kingdom. It was a triumph very little inferior to that of the old *Romans*. He made his entry into *Moscow* on the first of *January* 1710, under seven triumphal arches erected in the streets, and adorned with all that the climate could furnish, and a flourishing trade, as his industry had made it, of import. The procession began with a regiment of guards, follow'd by the pieces of artillery taken from the *Swedes* at *Lesnow* and *Pultawa*; each of which was drawn by eight horses covered with scarlet silks reaching down to the ground. Then came standards, kettle-drums, colours worn at these battles, carried by the officers and soldiers that had taken them: All these spoils were followed by the finest troops of the *Czar*. After they had filed off, appeared in a chariot made for that purpose, the *King* of *Charles XII.* found in the field of battle at *Pultawa* all broken to pieces by two cannon-shot. Behind this litter marched all the prisoners two by two, among which was Count *Piper* first Minister of *Sweden*, the famous *Mareschal Renschild*, Count *Lebaup*, the Generals *Slipenbak*, *Stakelburg* and *Hann*

the Officers and Soldiers, who were afterwards dispersed in Great *Russia*. They were immediately followed by the Czar, on the same Horse he rode upon the Battle of *Pultawa*. A little behind him appeared the Generals that had their Share in the Success of this Battle. After them came another Regiment of Guards; and the Waggon's loaded with *Swedish* Ammunition brought up the rear.

This solemn Procession was attended with the ringing of all the Bells in *Muscow*, with the sound of Drums, Mace-drums, Trumpets, and an infinite number of Musical Instruments answering each other, with Volleys discharged from 200 Pieces of Cannon, and the Acclamations of 500000 Men, who at every stop the Emperor made in his triumphal Entry, cried out, *God preserve the Emperor our Father*.

The Grand Visir *Couprongly*, who opposed his Design, was turned out after he had been two Months in the Ministry. *Charles XII's* little Court, and those who still adhered to him in *Poland*, gave out, that he had been deposed the Visirs, and governed the *Turk* Empire from his Retreat at *Bender*. But he had been in that Favourite's Ruin. The rigid Probity of the Visir was the only cause of his Fall. His Predecessor was used to pay the Janisaries, not out of the Imperial Treasury, but out of such Money as he obtained by Extortion. *Couprongly*, on the other hand, paid them out of the Treasury. Upon this, *Achmet* reproached him with preferring the Interest of the Subjuncts to that of the Emperor. Your Predecessor *Chourlouy*, said he, could find other ways and means to pay his troops. The Grand Visir answered, *If he had the power to enrich your Highness by rapine, it is such a one I am proud to be ignorant of*.

After this the Grand Signor sent to *Aleppo* for *Bal-Mahomet*, Basha of *Syria*, who had been Grand Vizier before *Chourlouy*.



*Baltagi Mahomet* had no sooner received the bull of the Empire, than he found the King of *Sweden's* interest prevailing in the Seraglio. The Sultana *Valide*, *Ali Coudourgi* the Grand Signor's Favorite, *Kissar Aga* Chief of the black Eunuchs, and the *Agas* of the Janisaries, were for War against the Czar. The Sultan was determined upon it, and the very first Order he gave the Grand Visir, was to go and fall upon the *Muscovites* with 200000 Men. *Baltagi Mahomet* had never been in the field, but then he was by no means an Idiot, as the *Swedes*, out of partiality and hatred, have represented him. He told the Grand Signor, upon receiving from his hand a Sabre with precious Stones, Your Highness knows that I have been brought up to use an axe, and fell wood, and not to wield a Sword and command Armies: I will endeavour to serve you in the best manner I am able, but if I fail of success, remember that I have instructed you not to lay it to my charge. The Sultan accepted of his good Will, and the Visir prepared to obey him.

The first step of the *Ottoman* Porte upon this occasion, was to imprison the *Muscovite* Ambassador in the Castle of Seven Towers. The Han of *Crim Tartary*, whom we call the Kam, had Orders to be in readiness with 40000 *Tartars*. The Kam is by his Subjects called Emperor; but notwithstanding his grand title, he is a meer Slave of the Porte. The *Ottoman* Blood, of which the Kams are descended, and the right they have to the *Turkish* Empire upon the extinction of the Grand Signor's Race, makes their Person to be respected, and their Persons formidable, even to the Sultan himself. It is upon this Account that the Grand Signor dares not destroy the Race of the *Kams* of *Tartary*: But he hardly ever suffers any of them to continue upon the Throne to an advanced Age. Their steps are always watched by the neighbouring *Shas*; their Territories encompassed with Janisaries

their inclinations crossed by the Grand Visir; and their designs ever suspected. If the *Tartars* complain of the Kam, the Porte despoſes him; if he is beloved by them, it is a crime, for which he is ſooner puniſhed than the other. Thus all of them, in a manner, paſs from the crown into baniſhment, and finiſh their days at *Rhodes*, which moſt commonly is both their priſon and their grave.

The Kam gained by the preſents and intrigues of the King of *Sweden*, got leave that the general rendezvous of the troops might be at *Bender*, under the eyes of *Charles XII.* to let him ſee the better, that it was for his ſake the war was undertaken.

The new Viſir, *Baltagi Mahomet*, not being under the ſame engagements, would not flatter a foreign Prince ſo far. He recalled the order, and this great army was drawn together at *Belgrade*.

The Czar, in all appearance, muſt have vanquiſhed *Baltagi Mahomet*, but he committed the ſame fault in regard to the *Turks*, that the King of *Sweden* was guilty of in his caſe; that is, he too much deſpiſed his enemy. Upon the news of the *Turkiſh* preparations, he left *Moſcow*; and having given orders to turn the ſiege of *Riga* into a Blocade, he drew up his army to the number of 24000 men, upon the frontiers of *Poland*. With this army he marched to *Moldavia* and *Walachia*, formerly the country of the *Daci*, but now inhabited by *Greek* Chriſtians, tributaries to the Grand Signor.

A *Greek*, named *Cantomir*, made Prince of *Moldavia* by the *Turks*, joined the Czar, whom he already looked upon as conqueror, and made no ſcruple to betray the Sultan, of whom he held his principality, for the ſake of a Chriſtian Prince, from whom he expected much greater advantages. The Czar entered into a ſecret alliance with him, received him into his army, and marching up the country, arrived in *June 1711*, at the northern ſide of the ri-

ver *Hierafus*, now *Pruth*, near *Jazy*, the capital of *Moldavia*.

As soon as the Grand Visir received the news that *Peter Alexioovitz* was come thither, he immediately left the camp at *Belgrade*, and followed the course of the *Danube*, proposed to pass that river on a bridge of boats near *Saccia*, in the very same place where *Darius* formerly built a bridge that bore his name. The *Turkish* army marched with so much expedition, that they soon came in sight of the *Muscovites*, the river *Pruth* being between them.

The Czar, sure of the Prince of *Moldavia*, little thought the subjects would fail him. But the *Moldavians* are often in a different interest from that of their master. They liked the *Turkish* government which is never fatal to any but the *Grandeess*, and affects a lenity to people that are its tributaries. They feared the Christians, especially the *Muscovites*, who had upon all occasions used them barbarously. They brought all their provisions to the *Ottoman* army. The undertakers who had engaged to furnish the *Muscovites* with provisions, performed their promise to the Grand Visir, tho' it was made to the Czar. The *Walachians*, whose country adjoins to that of *Moldavia*, shewed the same regard to the *Turks*; to such a degree had the remembrance of former cruelties alienated their minds from the *Muscovites*.

The Czar thus frustrated of his hopes, which perhaps he had upon too light grounds taken up, found his army on a sudden destitute of provisions and without forage. In the mean time the *Turks* passed the river that separated them from the enemy. All the *Tartars*, according to custom, swam over it holding by the tails of their horses. The *Spahis* which are the *Turkish* horse, did the same, because the bridges were not ready time enough.

At length, the whole army being got over, the Visir pitched a camp, and fortified it with trenches.

It is strange the Czar should not dispute the passage of the river, or at least repair his fault, by engaging the *Turks* immediately, instead of giving them time to tire out his army with fatigue and famine. But that Prince seems in this campaign, to have taken all the steps that could lead to his ruin. He found himself without provisions, with the river *Pruth* behind him, and near 150000 *Turks* before him, and about 40000 *Tartars* continually harassing him on the right-hand and the left. Reduced to this extremity, he said publickly, *I am at least in as bad a case as my brother Charles was at Pultawa.*

The indefatigable Count *Poniatosky*, agent to the King of *Sweden*, was in the Grand Visir's army with some *Poles* and *Swedes*, who all thought the Czar's ruin inevitable.

As soon as *Poniatosky* saw that the armies must inevitably engage, he sent an express to the King of *Sweden*, who set out that moment from *Bender*, followed by forty officers, and enjoying by anticipation the pleasure of fighting the Emperor of *Moscow*. After many a loss, and several destructive marches, the Czar was driven back upon the *Pruth*, and had no cover left but some *chevaux de frise*, and some wag-gons. A party of the Janisaries and Spahi's fell immediately upon his army in that defenceless condition, but they did it in a tumultuous and disorderly manner, and were receiv'd by the *Moscovites* with a resolution, which nothing but despair and the presence of their Prince could inspire.

The *Turks* were twice repulsed. But the day following, M. *Poniatosky* advised the Grand Visir to starve out the *Muscovite* army, who being destitute of all provision, would, in a short time, be obliged, together with their Emperor, to surrender at discretion.

The Czar has since that time more than once acknowledged, that in all his life he never felt so much

uneasiness as he did that night. He revolved in his mind all that he had been doing for so many years for the glory and good of his nation; that so many great designs perpetually interrupted by successive wars, were now in all probability going to perish with him, before they were brought to perfection; that he must either die with hunger, or engage near 200000 men with feeble troops, less by half the number than when they first set out; a cavalry almost dismounted, and the foot worn out with fatigue and mine.

About the beginning of the night he called General Czeremetof to him, and gave him a peremptory order to get every thing ready by break of day, to charge the *Turks* with bayonets at the muzzle of the muskets.

He gave express orders also to burn all the baggage, and that no officer should keep above one wagon; that in case of a defeat, the enemy however might not get the booty they expected.

Having settled every thing with the General for the battle, he retired into his tent full of grief, and seized with convulsions, a distemper which was often troubled with, and which came upon him with double the violence when he was under such great uneasiness. He forbid all persons to enter his tent in the night, upon any pretence whatsoever, not caring to have any remonstrances made to him against a desperate but necessary resolution, and much less that any one should be a witness of the melancholy condition he was in.

In the mean time the greatest part of his baggage was burnt according to his order, and all the army followed the example, tho' with much regret; but some buried such things as they set a more than ordinary value upon. The General Officers had already given orders for the march, and endeavoured to inspire the army with a courage which themselves

wanted



wanted: but the soldiers, quite exhausted with fatigue and hunger, marched as men that had lost both their spirit and their hopes; and yet, to enervate their courage still more, had their ears filled with the shrieks and cries of women, of whom there was so great a number in the army. Every one expected death or slavery to be their portion the next morning. What I relate is no exaggeration: for this is literally the account that was given by some officers who served in the army.

In this situation it was thought necessary to sue for peace to the *Turks*, and that the Czar must be persuaded into the proposal.

The Grand Visir's first demand was, That the Czar, with all his army, should surrender at discretion. The Vice-Chancellor made answer, That his Master designed to give him battle within a quarter of an hour, and that the *Moscovites* would all be cut to pieces, rather than submit to such dishonourable conditions. *Osman* seconded *Shaffirof* with fresh remonstrances.

*Mahomet Baltagi* was no soldier. He knew the Janisaries had been repulsed the day before, and was easily persuaded by *Osman* not to part with certain advantages for the hazard of a battle. He immediately granted a suspension of arms for six hours, and at that time the terms of the treaty were agreed upon and settled.

During the parley there happened an accident, which shews the word of a *Turk* is often more to be depended on than we imagine. Two *Italian* gentlemen, related to *M. Brillo*, Lieutenant-Colonel of a regiment of grenadiers in the Czar's service, going to look for forage, were taken by the *Tartars*, who carried them to their camp, and offered to sell them to an officer of the Janisaries. The *Turk* enraged at such a breach of the truce, seized the *Tartars*,

*tars*, and carried them himself before the Grand Vi  
fir, together with the two prisoners.

The Visir sent the gentlemen back that mome  
to the Czar, and ordered the principal *Tartars* con  
cerned in carrying them off to be beheaded.

In the mean time the Kam of *Tartary* oppose  
the conclusion of a treaty, which took from him al  
hopes of pillage. *Poniatosky* seconded him with ver  
urgent and pressing reasons. But *Osman* carried hi  
point, notwithstanding the impatience of the *Tartar*  
and the insinuation of *Poniatosky*.

The Visir thought it enough for his master the  
Grand Signor, to conclude an advantageous peace  
He insisted, that the *Moscovites* should give up *Asoph*  
burn the galleys that lay in that port, and demolish  
the main cittadels upon the *Paulus Mæotis*; that the  
Grand Signor should have all the cannon and ammu  
nition of those fortresses; that the Czar should dra  
off his troops from *Poland*, and give no farther d  
sturbance to the few *Cossacks* that were under th  
protection of the *Poles*, nor to those that were sub  
ject to *Turkey*; and that for the future he should pay  
the *Tartars* a subsidy of 40000 sequins *per annum*; a  
odious tribute long since imposed, but from which  
the Czar had delivered his country.

At length the treaty was going to be signed with  
out so much as mentioning the King of *Sweden*; and  
all that *Poniatoski* could obtain from the Visir, was t  
insert an article, by which the *Muscovite* should pro  
mise not to hinder the return of *Charles XII.* and  
which is pretty remarkable, it was stipulated in the  
article, that a peace should be concluded between the  
Czar and the King of *Sweden*, if they were so dispo  
sed, and could agree upon the terms of it.

On these conditions, the Czar had liberty to retrea  
with his army, cannon, artillery, colours and bag  
gage. The *Turks* furnished him with provisions, and  
there was plenty of every thing in his camp withi  
two

two hours after the signing of the treaty, which was begun, concluded and signed the 21st of July 1711.

Just as the Czar, rescued from the difficulties he was under, was drawing off with drums beating, and ensigns display'd, came the King of Sweden, impatient of fighting, and eager to see his enemy in his hands. He had rid post above fifty leagues, from Bender to Jazy, and lighting at Count Poniatosky's tent, the Count came up to him with a sorrowful countenance, and acquainted him by what means he had lost an opportunity which perhaps he would never recover.

The King enraged went directly to the Grand Visir, and with all his blood in his face upbraided him with the treaty he had concluded. *I have authority,* says the Grand Visir, *with a calm air, to wage war, and to make peace. But,* replies the King, *have not you the whole Moscovite army in your power? Our law,* says the Visir with great gravity, *commands us to grant our enemies peace, when they implore our mercy. Ab!* replies the King in a Passion, *does it order you to clap up a bad treaty, when you have it in your power to make what terms you please? Was it not incumbent upon you to carry the Czar prisoner to Constantinople?*

The Turk thus driven to a nonplus, answered sily, *And who should govern his empire in his absence? It is not fit that all Kings should be out of their Kingdoms.* Charles replied with a smile full of indignation, and then threw himself down upon a cushion. And looking upon the Visir with an air of resentment and contempt, he stretched out his leg towards him, and entangling his spur in his robe, which he did by design, tore it; then rose up immediately, mounted his horse and returned to Bender full of despair.

Poniatosky continued some time longer with the Grand Visir, to try if he could prevail upon him by softer methods, to make some better terms with the Czar; but it being Prayer-time, the Turk, without giving one word of answer, went to wash and attend his devotions.

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K I N G of S W E D E N.  
B O O K VI.

**F**ORTUNE, which before had been so favourable to the King of *Sweden*, bore hard upon him now even in the most trifling things. At his return he found his little camp at *Bender*, and all his apartment under water, caused by an inundation of the *Neister*. He retired to some miles distance near a village called *Varnitsa*; and as if he had some secret presages of his future fortune, built a large house of stone there, capable upon occasion of sustaining a siege of some hours. He furnished it also in a very magnificent manner, contrary to his custom but in order to keep the *Turks* more in awe.

Besides this, he built two more, one for his Chancery, and the other for his favourite *Grotbusen*, who kept a table at his expence. While the King was thus employed in building at *Bender*, as if he had designed to continue always in *Turkey*, *Baltagi Mahomet* being more apprehensive then ever, of the intrigues and complaints of this Prince at the *Porte*, had sent the Emperor of *Germany's* Resident to *Vienna*, to procure

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cure a passage for the King of *Sweden* through the hereditary territories of the house of *Austria*. This Envoy came back in three weeks time, with a promise from the Imperial Regency, that they would pay *Charles XII.* all due honours, and conduct him safely into *Pomerania*.

The King, who knew what they came about, sent them word, that if they ventured to make any proposal contrary to his honour, or to fail in their respects towards him, he would hang them all three up the same hour. The Bashaw of *Theſſalonica*, who delivered the message, disguised the roughness of his commission under the most respectful terms. *Charles* dismissed the audience without vouchsafing one word to answer; but his Chancellor *Mullern*, who staid with three Bashas, signified his Master's refusal to them in a few words, which was nothing but what they had already perceived by his silence.

The Grand Visir however was not discouraged: he ordered *Ismael Basba*, the new Serasquier of *Bender*, to threaten the King with the Sultan's resentment, if he did not immediately come to a resolution. The Serasquier was a person of a sweet and winning temper, which had gained him King *Charles's* good will, and the friendship of all the *Swedes*. The King entered into a conference with him, but it was only to let him know, that he would not depart till *Achmet* had granted him two things, one of which was to punish the Grand Visir, and the other to furnish him with 100000 men, in order to return into *Poland* at the head of them.

*Baltagi Mabomet*, was very sensible, that *Charles's* stay in *Turkey* was only to ruin him. For this reason he placed a guard upon all the roads from *Bender* to *Constantinople*, with orders to intercept the King's letters. Besides this, he cut off his *Thaim*, i. e. the provision which the Porte allows the Princes to whom she grants an Asylum in her dominions. That of the



King of Sweden's was prodigious, amounting to 300 crowns a day in money, besides a vast excess of every thing that could contribute to maintain a court in plenty and splendor.

As soon as the King heard that the Visir had ventured to cut off his allowance, he turned to the Steward of his household, and said, *You have had but two tables hitherto, I command you to prepare four to morrow.*

Charles the XIIth's officers had been used to find nothing impossible which their Master ordered; but having neither money, nor provision, they were forced to borrow at twenty, thirty, and forty per cent of the Officers, Domesticks, and Janisaries, who were grown rich by the King's liberality. Mr. *Fabricius*, the Envoy of *Holstein*, gave all that he had; but these supplies would not have sufficed for the space of a month, if one *Motraye* a Frenchman, who had been upon a long voyage in the *Levant*, and was come to *Bender*, out of curiosity, to see the King, had not offered to go through all the *Turkish* guards, to borrow money in the King's name at *Constantinople*.

What letters he had to carry, he put into the cover of a book; having first torn out the past-board, and passed through the midst of the *Turks* by the name of an *English* Merchant, with his book in his hand, saying it was his Prayer-book. The *Turks* are not very suspicious, because not much acquainted with the world. The supposed merchants arrived at *Constantinople* with the King's letters; but the foreign merchants did not care to venture their money. One *Cooke*, an *Englishman*, was the only person that could be prevailed upon; and he readily offered the loan of about an hundred thousand *Livres*, content to lose them, if any misfortune happened to the King of *Sweden*, and sure to make his fortune if that Prince lived.

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The *French* gentleman had the good fortune to carry the money safe to the camp at *Varnitsa*, and it came just as they were beginning to despair of it.

In the mean time, *M. de Poniatosky* wrote, and that from the camp of the Grand Visir, an account of the Campaign of *Pruth*, wherein he accused *Baltagi Mahomet* of cowardise and treachery. This account he intrusted to an old Janisary enraged at the Visir's weakness, and moreover gained by *Poniatosky's* presents, who having got leave, went and presented the letter with his own hands to the Sultan.

*Poniatosky* set out from the Camp some days after, and went to the *Ottaman Porte*, to cabal against the Grand Visir, as usual.

All circumstances seem'd to favour the design. The Czar, now at liberty, was in no haste to perform his promises. It is customary for princes to send golden keys to the Sultan, when they deliver up any towns to the *Turks*. The keys of *Ajoph* were not come, and the Grand Visir, who was responsible for them, being apprehensive of his master's resentment, durst not appear in his presence.

The old Visir *Chourlouly*, then in banishment at *Mytelene*, thought this a proper opportunity to deprive *Achmet* of the throne, and to set up *Ibrahim* his nephew, and eldest son to *Mustapha*, a young prince, who was at that time a prisoner of state together with his brother *Mahomet*.

To bring about this design, it was necessary that *Mahomet Baltagi* should be prevailed upon to make sure of the Sultan, by marching directly up to *Constantinople* with the Janisaries.

*Mahomet* had no inclination to any rash and hazardous enterprizes; so the old Visir applied himself to *Osman Aga* his lieutenant, who entirely governed him. But the letters being intercepted, *Chourlouly* and *Osman* were beheaded, which is reckoned an infamous punishment in *Turkey*, and their heads laid in the hall of the

the Divan. Among *Osman's* treasures, were found a ring which had been presented him by the *Czarina*, and 200000 pieces of gold, in *Saxon*, *Polish*, and *Muscovite* coin.

As to *Baltagi Mahomet*, he was banished for having been made choice of without his knowledge, to be the instrument of *Chourlouly* and *Osman's* plot.

The King of *Sweden* was perpetually soliciting the *Porte* to send him back thro' *Poland* with a numerous army. The Divan indeed were determined to send him back, but it was only with a guard of seven or eight thousand men, not as a King they were minded to succour, but as a guest they were desirous to be rid of. With this view Sultan *Achmet* wrote him the following letter.

Most powerful among the Kings that worship *Jesus*, Redresser of wrongs and injuries, and protector of Right in the Ports and Republicks of South and North; shining in Majesty, lover of Honour and Glory, and of our sublime *Porte*, *Charles* King of *Sweden*, whose enterprizes God crown with success.

AS soon as the most illustrious *Achmet*, formerly *Chiaoux Pashi*, shall have the honour to deliver you this letter adorned with our Imperial seal, be persuaded and convinced of the truth of our intentions contained therein, viz. That though we had designed to send our ever-victorious army against the *Czar* a second time; yet that Prince, to avoid our just resentment at his delaying the execution of the treaty concluded on the banks of *Pruth*, and renewed again at our sublime *Porte*, having surrender'd into our hands the castle and city of *Asoph*, and having endeavoured by the mediation of English and Dutch Embassadors, our ancient allies, to cultivate a lasting peace with us, we have granted his request, and delivered his Plenipotentiaries, who remain with us as hostages, our Imperial ratification, having first received his from their hands.

We

*We have given our inviolable and salutary Orders to the right honourable and valiant Delvet Gherai, Han of Boudgiak in Crim Tartary, Noghai and Circassia, and to Ismael our sage Counsellor and noble Serafquier of Bender, (whom God preserve and augment their Magnificence and Wisdom) from your return thro' Poland, according to your first design, which has again been laid before us in your Name. You must prepare therefore to set forward the next winter, under the guidance of Providence, and with an honourable guard, in order to return to your own Territories, taking care to pass thro' Poland in a peaceable and friendly manner.*

*You shall be provided with every thing necessary for your Journey by my Sublime Porte, as well Money as Men, Horses and Waggons. But we advise and exhort you above all things, to give the fullest and most express Orders to all the Swedes and other soldiers in your Retinue, not to make any Havock, or be guilty of any Action that may either directly or indirectly tend to break this Peace and Alliance.*

*Hereby you will preserve our Good-will, of which we shall endeavour to give you as great and frequent Proofs as we shall have Opportunities. The Troops designed to attend you, shall receive Orders agreeable to your Imperial Intentions in this particular.*

*Given at our Sublime Porte of Constantinople the 14th of the Month Rebyul Eureb, 1124. which answers to the 19th of April 1712.*

However, this Letter did not put the King of Sweden intirely out of Hopes. He wrote the Sultan Word, that he was ready to go, and should always acknowledge the Favours his Highness had heaped upon him; but he added, that he thought the Sultan too just to send him away with no other Guard than that of a flying Camp, into a Country already over-run with the Czar's Troops.

*Achmet*

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*Achmet*

*Achmet* was so little acquainted with what passed in *Poland*, that he sent an *Aga* to see whether the *Czar's* Forces were still there or not. Two Secretaries of the King of *Sweden*, who understood the *Turkish* Language, accompanied the *Aga*, in order to confront him in case of a false Report.

This *Aga* saw the Forces with his own Eyes, and gave the Sultan a true Account of the matter. *Achmet* in a Rage was going to strangle the Grand Visir; but the Favourite who protected him, and thought he might have occasion for him, obtained his Pardon, and kept him some time longer in the Ministry.

The Grand Signor without more ado committed the *Moscovite* Embassadors, already as much used to go to Prison, as an Audience, to the Seven Towers. War was declar'd afresh against the *Czar*, the Horse-tails display'd, and Orders given to all the *Basha's*, to raise an Army of 200000 fighting Men. The Sultan himself quitted *Constantinople*, and fixed his Court at *Adrianople*, in order to be nearer the Seat of the War.

In the mean time a solemn Embassy from *Augustus* and the Republick of *Poland* to the Grand Signor was upon the road at *Adrianople*. At the Head of this Embassy was the Palatine of *Masovia* with a Retinue of above 300 Persons.

These were all seized and imprisoned in the Suburbs of the City. Never was the *Swedish* Party fuller of hopes than upon this Occasion: But these great Preparations came to nothing, and all their expectations were disappointed.

The Divan having thus determined *Charles's* Fate, *Ismael* Serafsquier of *Bender* repaired to *Varnitsa* where the King was incamped, and acquainted him with the Resolutions of the Porte, giving him to understand, in a civil manner, that there was no time to delay, but that he must be gone.

*Charles*

Charles made no other answer than this, That the Grand Signor had promised him an Army, and not a Guard, and that Kings ought to keep their Word.

He told the Bascha of *Bender*, that he could not go till he had wherewithal to pay his Debts. For tho' his *Tbaim* had for a long time been regularly paid, his Generosity had always forced him to borrow. The Bascha asked him, how much he wanted? The King answered at a venture, a thousand Purfes, which amounts to 1500000 livres of *French Money*, full weight. The Bascha wrote to the Porte about it; and the Sultan, instead of 1000 Purfes, granted him 200, which he sent to the Bascha with the following Letter.

The Grand Signor's Letter to the Bascha of *Bender*.

THE Design of this Imperial Letter is to let you know, that upon your Representation and Request and upon that of the right noble Delvet Gheraî, Han to our Sublime Porte, our Imperial Munificence has granted the King of Sweden a thousand Purfes, which shall be sent to *Bender* under the care and custody of the most illustrious Mahomet Bascha, formerly Chiaoux Pachi, to remain in your Hands till such time as the King of Sweden sets out, whose Steps God direct, and then to be given him with two hundred Purfes more, as an overplus of our Imperial Liberality beyond what he desires.

As to the Rout of Poland, which he is resolved to take, you and the Han, who are to attend him, shall be careful to take such prudent and wise Measures, as may, during the whole passage, prevent the Troops under your command, and those of the King of Sweden, from committing any Havock, or doing any other thing that may be thought a Violation of the Peace subsisting between our Sublime Porte, and the Realm and Republic of Poland, so that the King of Sweden may go as Friend under our protection.

By

By doing this (which you are to desire of him in positive term) he will receive all the Honour and Respect that is due to his Majesty from the Poles, as we have been assured by the Embassadors of King Augustus and the Repnblick, who also on this Condition have offered themselves and several others of the Polish Nobility, if required, as hostages for the security of his Passage.

At the time that you and the right noble Delvet Gheraï shall agree upon for the March, you shall put yourself at the Head of your brave Soldiers, among whom shall be the Tartars, with the Han at the Head of them and go along with the King of Sweden and his Men.

And may it please the only God, the Almighty, direct your steps and theirs. The Bashas of Aulis shall continue at Bender, with a Regiment of Spahis, and another of Janisaries, to defend it in your absence. Notwithstanding following our Imperial Orders and Intentions in all these Points and Articles, you will deserve the continuance of our Imperial Favours, as well as the Pardon and Recompence due to all such as observe them.

Given at our Imperial Residence at Constantinople the 2d Day of the Month Cheval 1124 of the Hegira

Before the Grand Signor's Answer arrived, the King had written to the Porte, to complain of the supposed Treachery of the Kam. But the Passages were well guarded, and the Ministry was against him, that his Letters never came to the Sultan. Nay, the Visir would not suffer M. Desalleurs to come to Amsterdam, where the Porte then was, lest that Minister who was the King of Sweden's Agent, should endeavour to disconcert their design of sending him away.

Charles enraged to see himself in a manner hunted out of the Grand Signor's Territories, resolved not to stir a step. He might have desired to return to the German Territories, or take Ship at the Black Sea in order to go to Marseilles up the Mediterranean. But he chose rather to ask nothing, and wait the event.

Wh

When the 1200 purses were arrived, his Treasurer Grothusen, who, by residing so long in *Turkey*, had learnt to speak the language, went to wait upon the Bascha without an interpreter, in hopes to get the 1200 purses from him, and afterwards to form some new intrigue at the Porte; falsely imagining, as they always did, that the *Swedish* party would at length arm the *Ottoman* empire against the Czar.

Grothusen told the Bascha, that the King's equipages could not be got ready without money. But we, says the Bascha, shall defray all your expences. Your master will be at no charge, while he continues under my protection.

Grothusen replied, that the difference between the *Turkish* equipages, and those of the *Franks* was so great, that they were under a necessity of applying to the *Swedish* and *Polish* artificers at *Varnitsa*.

He assured him, that his master was willing to go, and that this money would facilitate and hasten his departure. The too credulous Bascha gave him the 1200 purses, and within a few days came and desired the King in a very respectful manner to give orders for their departing. But he was extremely surprized, when the King told him he was not ready to go, and that he wanted a thousand purses more. The Bascha, confounded with this answer, was speechless for some time, and then went to a window, where he was seen to shed some tears. Afterwards, turning to the King, I shall lose my Head, says he, for having obliged your Majesty. I have given you the 1200 purses against the express order of my Sovereign. With these words he took his leave, and was going away full of grief, when the King stopped him, and said to him, he would make an excuse for him to the Sultan. Ah! replied the *Turk*, as he was going out, your master can punish faults, but not excuse them. Ismael Bascha went to acquaint the Kam of *Tartary* with the news. The Kam having received the same order



Order with the Bascha, not to suffer the 1200 Purse to be delivered before the King's Departure, and having consented to the Delivery of them, was as apprehensive of the Grand Signor's Resentment as the Bascha himself. They wrote both of them to the Porte to clear themselves, and entreated his Highness not to impute the King's Refusal to their Disobedience.

Charles persisting in the Notion that the Kam and the Bascha designed to deliver him up into the Hands of his Enemies, ordered Mr. Funk, his Envoy at the Ottoman Court, to lay his Complaints against them before the Grand Signor, and to ask for 1000 Purse more. But he did it with a view to be refused, and that he might have a fresh Pretence for not departing. All the Answer he received was to be clapt in Prison. The Sultan, in a Passion, called an extraordinary Divan, and (which is very rarely done) spoke himself as follows.

*I scarce ever knew the King of Sweden, but by his great feat at Pultawa, and the request he made to me to grant him a sanctuary in my Empire. I have not, I believe any need of him, or any reason to love or fear him; without consulting any other motives than the Hospitality of a Musulman, and my own Generosity, which has made the dew of its Favours upon the great as well as the little, upon strangers as well as my own subjects, I have received and assisted him, his Ministers, Officers and Soldiers, in every respect, and for three Years and above have never held my hand from loading him with presents.*

*I have granted him a very considerable Guard to conduct him into his own Country. He has asked for 1000 Purse to defray some Expences, tho' I pay them. Instead of 1000 I have granted him 1200. After giving these out the Hands of the Serasquier of Bender he desires 1000 more, and refuses to go, under Pretence that the Guard is too little, whereas it is but too large to pass thro' the Country of a Friend and Ally.*

I ask you then, whether it is a Breach of the Laws of Hospitality, to send this Prince away? and whether Foreign Princes ought to accuse me of Cruelty or Injustice, in case I should be obliged to make him go by force? All the Divan answered, that the Grand Signor might lawfully do what he had said.

The Musty declared, that the Mussulmans are not bound to hospitality towards Infidels, much less towards the ungrateful, and he granted his *Festa*, a kind of Mandate, which, for the most part, accompanies the important Orders of the Grand Signor. These *Festa's* are revered as Oracles, tho' the Persons from whom they come are as much the Sultan's slaves as any others.

The Bascha of *Bender* received the order at the Kam's, from whence he went immediately to *Varnitsa*, to know whether the King would go away in a friendly manner, or force him to execute the Sultan's Orders.

Charles not used to this threatening language, could not command his Temper. Obey your Master, says he to the Bascha, if you dare, and be gone out of my presence. The Bascha went off in a rage, and meeting *Fabricius* by the Way, he called out to him without stopping, the King won't hearken to reason; you'll see strange things presently. The same Day he cut off the King's Provisions, and removed the Guard of Janissaries. He sent also to the *Poies* and *Cossacks* at *Varnitsa*, to let them know, that if they had a mind to have any Provisions, they must leave the King of Sweden's Camp, and come and put themselves under the Protection of the Porte at *Bender*. They all obey'd, and left the King, with only the Officers of his Household and 300 Swedes, to cope with 20000 Tartars, and 6000 Turks. Now there was no more Provision in the Camp either for Man or Horse; and in the mean time the Turks and Tartars invested the little Camp All sides.

The King, with all the Calmness in the World, appointed his 300 *Swedes* to make regular Fortifications and worked at them himself. His Chancellor, Treasurer, Secretaries, Valet de Chambres, and all his Domesticicks, put their Hands to the work. Some barricaded the Windows, others took the Bars behind the Doors, and planted them in form of Buttresses.

In the mean time, every thing being ready for the Assault, *Charles's* Death seemed inevitable; but the Sultan's Command being not positive to kill him, in case of Resistance, the *Basha* prevailed upon the King to let him send an Express that moment to *Adrianople* where the Grand Signor then was, to receive his Highness's last Orders.

At length the Grand Signor's Order being come to put to the Sword all the *Swedes* that should make the least Resistance, and not to spare the Life of the King; the *Bashaw* had the Civility to shew *Fabricius* the Order, to the intent that he might try his utmost to prevail upon *Charles*. *Fabricius* went immediately to acquaint him with this bad News. *Have you seen the Order you speak of?* says the King. *I have* replies *Fabricius*. *Tell them then*, says the King, *that this Order is a second forgery of theirs, and that I will not go*. *Fabricius* fell at his Feet, put himself in a Passion, and reproached him with his obstinacy; but all was to no purpose. *Go back to your Turks*, says the King to him smiling, *if they attack me, I know how to defend my self*.

The King's Chaplains also fell upon their knees before him, conjuring him not to expose the wretched Remains of *Pultawa*, and, above all his own sacred Person to certain Death; adding besides, that his assistance in this case was a most unwarrantable Action, and that it was a Violation of the Laws of Hospitality to resolve to continue with Strangers against his Will, who had so long and generously supported him. The King, who had shewed no resentment against

*Fab*

*abricius*, grew warm upon this occasion, and told his priests, that he took them to pray for him, and not to give him advice.

General *Hord* and General *Dardoff*, whose opinion had always been not to venture a battle, which in the consequence must prove fatal, shewed the King their breasts covered with wounds they received in his service, and assuring him, that they were ready to die for him; begged that it might at least be upon a more necessary occasion. *I know*, says the King, *your wounds and my own, that we have fought valiantly together. You have hitherto done your duty, do again now.*

It was not long before they saw the *Turks* and *Martars* advancing, in order of battle, to attack the castle fortress, with ten pieces of ordnance and two mortar-pieces. The horse-tails waved in the air, the drums sounded, the cries of *Alla, Alla*, were heard on all sides. Baron *Grotbusen* took notice that the *Turks* did not mix any abusive language against the King in their cries, but only called him *Demis-Bash*, which signifies *head of iron*, and resolved that moment to go alone and unarmed out of the fortifications. He advanced up to the line of the Janisaries, who had almost all of them received money from him, *Ab, what my friends!* says he to them in their own language, *are you come to massacre 500 defenceless Swedes? You brave Janisaries, who have pardoned 10000 Moscovites upon their crying Ammon, (i. e. pardon) to you: Have you forgot the kindness you have received from us? And would you assassinate that great King of Sweden, whom ye loved so much, and who has been so generous to you? My friends, he asks but three things, and the Sultan's orders are not so strict as you are made to believe.*

These words produced an effect which *Grotbusen* himself did not expect. The Janisaries swore upon their beards, they would not attack the King, and

that they would give him the three Days he demanded. In vain was the Signal given for the Assault. The Janisaries far from obeying, threaten to fall upon their Leaders, if three Days were not granted to the King of Sweden. They came to the Basha of Bender's Tent in a Body, crying out that the Sultan's Orders were forged. To this unexpected Insurrection the Basha had nothing to oppose but Patience.

The Basha returning to Bender, assembled all the Officers of the Janisaries and the oldest Soldiers, and both read to them, and shewed them the positive Order of the Sultan, and the *Musti's Festa*.

Sixty of the oldest of them, with venerable grey Beards, who had received a thousand Presents from the King's hand, offered to go in Person to him, and intreat him to put himself into their hands, and permit them to serve him as Guards.

But neither the Proposal of the old Janisaries, nor *Poniatosky's* Letters could in the least convince the King, that it was possible for him to give way without injuring his Honour. He chose rather to die in the hands of the *Turks*, than be in any manner their Prisoner. He dismissed the Janisaries without seeing them, and sent them Word, that if they did not about their Business, he'd shave their Beards for the which, in the East, is reckoned the most provoking Affront that can be offered.

These old Soldiers, fired with Resentment, returned home, crying, as they went, *Down with this beaver of Iron! since he is resolv'd to perish, let him perish.* They gave the Basha an Account of their Commotion, and acquainted their Comrades at Bender with the strange Reception they had met with. Upon which every one swore to obey the Basha's Orders without delay; and they were now as impatient of going to the Assault, as they had been averse to it before.



The Word was given that moment. They march'd up to the Intrenchments. The *Tartars* were already waiting for them, and the Cannon began to play.

The Janisaries on one side, and the *Tartars* on the other, forced the little Camp in an instant. Twenty *Reges* had scarce time to draw their Swords, before the whole 300 were surrounded, and taken Prisoners without resistance. The King was then on horseback between his House and his Camp, with the Generals *Ord*, *Dardoff*, and *Sparre*; and seeing that all his soldiers had suffered themselves to be taken before his Eyes, he said in cool blood to those three Officers, *Let us go and defend the House. We'll fight,* and he with a Smile, *pro Aris & Focis.*

Immediately he gallops up to the House with them, where he had placed about forty domesticks and censels, and which they had fortified in the best manner they could.

These Generals, however accustomed to the obstinate Intrepidity of their Master, could not help being surprized, that in cold blood, and with a jesting Air, he should resolved to stand out against ten Pieces of Cannon and a whole Army. They followed him with the Guards and Domesticks, to the number of twenty Persons.

But when they came to the door, they found it beset with Janisaries. Besides, near 200 *Turks* and *Tartars* had already got in at a Window, and made themselves Masters of all the Apartments, except a great Hall, whither the King's Domesticks had retired. It happen'd luckily, that this Hall was near the Door, through which the King purpos'd to enter with his little troop of twenty Persons. He threw himself off his horse with Pistol and Sword in Hand, and his Followers did the same.

The Janisaries fell upon him on all sides, being enraged by the Basha's Promise of eight Ducats of Gold

Gold to each Man that should but touch his Clothe in case they could not take him. He wounded and killed all that came near him. A Janisary, whom he had wounded, clapp'd his Blunderbuss to his Face, and if the Arm of a *Turk* had not jostled him, occasioned by the Crowd, that moved backwards and forwards like waves, the King had been killed. The Ball grazed upon his Nose, and took off a Piece of his Ear, and then broke General *Hord's* Arm, whose Fate it was to be always wounded by his Master's Side.

The King struck his Sword into the Janisary's Breast, and at the same time his Domesticks, who were shut up in the great Hall, opened the door to him. He enters as swift as an Arrow with his little Troop, and in an instant they shut the door again, and barricade it with all they can find.

Thus was *Charles XII.* shut up in this Hall with his Attendants, amounting to about threescore Men, Officers, Guards, Secretaries, *Valet de Chambre's*, Domesticks of all kinds.

The Janisaries and *Tartars* pillaged the rest of the House, and filled the Apartments. Come, says the King, let us go and drive out these Barbarians! putting himself at the Head of his Men, he, with his own Hands, opened the door of the Hall, went to his Bed-chamber, goes into it, and fires upon the Plunderers.

The *Turks* loaden with Booty, being terrified by the sudden Appearance of the King, whom they had been used to reverence, threw down their Arms, leapt out of the Window, or fled into the Cellars. The King taking Advantage of the Confusion they were in, and his own Men being animated by this Piece of Success, they pursued the *Turks* from Chamber to Chamber, killed or wounded those who had not made their Escape, and in a Quarter of an Hour cleared the House of the Enemy.

The King, in the heat of the fight, perceived two Janisaries who hid themselves under his bed. He thrust his sword through one of them, and killed him; but the other asked pardon, crying, *Amman*. I grant you your life, says the King, upon condition that you go and give the Bascha a faithful account of what you have seen.

The *Swedes* at length become masters of the house, shut the windows again, and barricadoed them. In this situation, they had no want of arms, a ground-chamber full of muskets and powder having escaped the tumultuous search of the Janisaries. This they made a very seasonable use of, firing close upon the *Turks* thro' the windows, and killing zoo of them in less than half a quarter of an hour.

The cannon play'd against the house; but the stones being very soft, it only made holes in the wall, but demolished nothing.

The Kam of *Tartary*, and the Bascha, who were desirous of taking the King alive, being ashamed to lose Time and Men, and employ an army against sixty persons, thought it proper to set fire to the house, in order to oblige the King to surrender. For this purpose, they ordered some arrows twisted about with lighted Matches, to be shot upon the roof, and against the door and windows; by which means, the house was immediately in flames. The roof all on fire was ready to tumble upon the *Swedes*. The King, with a very sedate air, gave orders to extinguish the fire; and finding a little barrel full of liquor, he laid hold of it himself, and with the assistance of two *Swedes*, threw it upon the place where the fire was most violent; then he discovered that it was full of brandy. But the hurry which is inseparable from such a state of confusion, hindered him from thinking of it before.

A centinel named *Walberg*, ventured in this extremity to cry, that there was a necessity for surrendering.

ing. What a strange man, says the King, is this, to imagine that it is not more glorious to be burnt, than taken prisoner! Another centinel, named *Rosen*, had the thought to say, that the Chancery-house, which was but fifty paces off, had a stone roof, and was proof against fire; that it would do well to sally out, and gain that house, and there stand upon their defence. *A true Swede*, cries the King; then he embraced him, and made him a colonel on the spot.

The *Turks*, who all this while encompassed the house, were struck with fear and admiration, to see the *Swedes* continue in it, notwithstanding it was all in flames. But they were much more surprized when they saw them open the doors, and the King and his men fall upon them in a desperate manner. *Charles*, and his principal officers, were armed with sword and pistol. Every one fired two pistols at a time in the instant that the door opened; and in the twinkling of an Eye, throwing away their pistols, and drawing their swords, they drove the *Turks* back the distance of fifty paces; but the moment after this little troop was surrounded. The King being booted, according to custom, threw himself down with his spurs. Immediately one and twenty Janisaries fall upon him, disarm him, and bear him away to the Basha's quarters, some taking hold of his arms, and others of his legs, as the manner is to carry a person for fear of incommoding him.

As soon as the King saw himself in their hands, he looked upon the Janisaries with a smiling countenance, and they carried him, crying *Alla*, with a mixture of anger and respect in their faces. His officers were taken at the same time, and stript by the *Turks* and *Tartars*. It was on the 12th of February, 1713, that this strange adventure happen'd.

*The End of the Sixth Book.*

THE

## H I S T O R Y

O F

## C H A R L E S X I I .

K I N G of S W E D E N .

## B O O K V I I .

**T**H E *Basha* of *Bender* waited with some state in his tent, expecting the King; and had by him one *Marco* for an Interpreter. He received the King with great respect, and prayed him to repose upon a *Sopha*, but the King took no notice of his civilities, and continued standing.

The next morning they conveyed the King in a chariot covered with scarlet towards *Adrianople*. While they were carrying this King disarmed and a prisoner, who not long before had given Law to so many countries, had been arbiter of the north, and the terror of all *Europe*; there happened to appear in the very same place another instance of the frailty of human greatness. King *Stanislaus* was seized in the *Turks* dominions, and carried prisoner to *Bender* at the same time that they were conveying *Charles* to *Adrianople*.

*Stanislaus*, unsupported by the hand that made him King, having no money, and consequently no friends in *Poland*, retired to *Pomerania*, and as he was not



able to preserve his own kingdom, had done his best to defend his benefactor's. But in going to take Advice of *Charles*, in relation to his abdicating the kingdom of *Poland*, he was stopp'd at *Yassi* in *Moldavia*. When he came near *Bender*, the *Basha*, who was returning back from *Charles*, sent him an *Arabian* horse with fine furniture.

*Stanislaus* was received at *Bender* with a discharge of the artillery; and bating that he was a prisoner, had no great cause to complain of his usage there.

As for *Charles*, he was going to *Adrianople*, and the town was full of discourse beforehand about the battle. The *Turks* both admired and blamed him; but the *Divan* was so exasperated, that they threatened to confine him in one of the islands in the *Archipelago*.

Some weeks after, there was a sudden change in the *Seraglio*, which the *Sweedes* affirm was owing to a letter that had been delivered to the *Sultan* in the King their master's behalf. The *Mufti* was immediately desposed, the *Kam* of the *Tartars* banished to *Rhodes*, and the *Serasquier Basha* of *Bender* sent to an island in the *Archipelago*.

In the mean time, *Charles* was carried to a little castle called *Demirtash*, near *Adrianople*, where multitudes of *Turks* were waiting to see him alight. He was conveyed out of the chariot to the castle upon a *Sopha*; but that he might not be seen, he put a cushion over his head.

He was buried here in oblivion and inactivity for about eleven months; which following close upon the most violent exercise, made that illness real, which he had some time feigned. In *Europe*, they verily thought him dead; and the *Regency* which he settled when he left *Stockholm*, hearing nothing from him, the *Senate* waited on the Princess *Ulric Elnora*, to desire she would take the *Regency* in her brother's absence. She did accept of it; but finding the *Senate* had a mind to force her to a peace with the *Czar* and

and *Denmark*, that on every side were falling upon *Sweden*, which she knew the King would never ratify, she resigned the Regency, and wrote him a full Account of the matter to *Turky*.

The King received her letters at *Demotioa*, and those despotick notions which he had early imbibed made him quite forget that ever *Sweden* had been a free state, or that the Senate used to share in the government of it with their former Kings.

Wherefore, to prevent any attempts in *Sweden* against his authority, and that he might defend his country; hoping nothing more now from the *Ottomans*, but depending only on himself: he signified to the Grand Visir his desire to be gone, by the way of *Germany*.

So the day was set; and *Charles* before he went, was willing to make a figure as a King, notwithstanding the wretched condition he was in. He made *Grotbusen* his Embassador extraordinary, and sent him in form to take his leave at *Constantinople* with a train of fourscore persons richly dressed.

On the first of *October*, 1714, the King began his journey. A *Capagi Basba*, with six *Chiaoux*, went to attend him from *Demirtasb*, whither he had moved a few days before. The presents they brought him from the Grand Signor were, a large tent or scarlet embroidered with gold, a sabre set with jewels, eight beautiful *Arabian* horses with fine saddles and stirrups of massive silver.

The convoy consisted of threescore carriages, laden with all sorts of provision, and three hundred horse.

When he came to the *Turkish* frontiers, *Stanislaus* was going thence another way into *Germany*, intended to retire into the Duchy of *Deux Ponts*. *Charles* assigned to *Stanislaus* the revenue of this Duchy, which was then reckoned to be about seventy thousand crowns.

When the King of Sweden came to the German frontiers, he found the Emperor had given orders for his reception every where with proper state. Wherever harbingers had fixed his route, great preparations were making to entertain him; and a world of people came to behold the man, whose conquests and misfortunes, whose least actions, nay, and lying still, had made so much noise both in Europe and in Asia. But Charles had no mind to so much pomp, or to make a shew of the prisoner of Bender: but was rather thinking how he might retrieve his ill fortune with some noble stroke before he came back to Stockholm.

So dismissing his Turkish attendants at Targowitz, on the borders of Transylvania; he called his people together in a yard, and bid them take no thought for him, but make the best of their way to Straelsund in Pomerania, about three hundred leagues from thence, up the Baltick Sea.

He took no body with him, but one *During*, a young man, whom he made a Colonel afterwards. He parted chearfully with his officers, leaving them in great confusion and concern for him. For a disguise he wore a black peruke, instead of his own hair, a gold laced hat, grey clothes, and a blue coat, passing for a German Officer, and rid post with only Colonel *During*.

Having rid all the first day without stopping, *During* not being used to such fatigues, fainted away when he came to alight. The King would not stay a moment, but asked *During*, *What money he had?* he said, *About a thousand crowns. Give me half,* says the King, *I see you cannot go on; I'll go without you.* *During* begged he would but stay three hours, and he was sure by that time he should be able to go on, and desired him to consider the danger of going alone. The King would not be persuaded, but made him give him the five hundred crowns, and called for horses.

*During,*

*During*, afraid of what might happen, bethought himself of this contrivance. He takes the Post-master aside : *Friend*, says he, *this is my cousin, we are going upon business together, and you see he won't stay for me but three hours; prithee give him the worst horse you have; and let me have a post chaise, or some such thing.*

He put a couple of *ducats* into the man's hand, and was obeyed punctually : so the King had a horse that was both lame and resty. Away he went about ten at night, through the snow, and wind, and rain. His fellow-traveller, after a few hours rest, set out again in a chaise with very good horses. About break of day he overtook the King, with his horse tired, and walking towards the next stage.

Then he was forced to get in with *During*, and slept upon the straw ; and afterwards they never stopped, but went on, on horseback all day, and sleeping in a chaise all night.

Thus, in sixteen days riding, and often in danger of being taken, he came at last upon the 21st of *November* 1714, to the gates of *Straelsund*, about one in the morning.

The King said, he was a Courier from the King in *Turkey*, and must speak immediately with General *Duker* the Governour. The Centinel told him, it was too late, the Governour was a-bed, and he must stay till day-light.

The King said it was an affair of consequence ; and declared if he did not go directly and wake the Governour, they should all be hanged in the morning. At last a Serjeant went and called the Governour ; and *Duker*, thinking it might be some General Officer, ordered the Gates to be opened, and the Courier was brought up to his chamber.

*Duker*, rubbing his eyes, asked, *What news of his Majesty ?* The King took him by the shoulder, *What*, says he, *Duker, have my best subjects forgot me ?* the

General could scarce believe his eyes, and jumping out of bed, embraced his Master's knees with tears of joy. The news was all over the town in an instant. Every body got up; the soldiers came about the Governour's house. The streets were full of people, asking if the news were true? The windows were illuminated, the conduits ran with wine, and the artillery fired.

However, the King was put to bed, which was more than he had been for sixteen days; they were forced to cut off his boots, his legs were so swollen with the fatigue. He had neither linen, nor cloathes; and they provided in haste whatever they could find to fit him. When he had slept some hours, the first thing he did was to review his troops, and examine the fortifications. And that very day he sent out orders into all parts for renewing the war with more vigour than ever against all his enemies.

But *Sweden* had lost all her foreign provinces, and had neither trade, nor money, nor credit; her veteran troops were either killed, or died for want. Above 100000 *Swedes* were slaves in *Muscovy*; and as many more sold to the *Turks* and *Tartars*. The very species of Men was visibly decayed in the country; but notwithstanding all this, their hopes revived as soon as ever they heard their King was come to *Straelsund*.

Such strong impressions of admiration and respect reigned in the hearts of all his subjects, that multitudes of young people came out of all parts of the country, and offered themselves to be listed, hardly leaving hands enough at home for cultivating their lands.

*The End of the Seventh Book.*

THE



( 153 )

THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
CHARLES XII.  
KING of SWEDEN.  
BOOK VIII.

**T**HE King, during these Preparations, gave his only Sister, *Ulrica Eleonora* in marriage to *Frederick* Prince of *Hesse Cassel*.

This Marriage was not honoured with the King's Presence, who was now busy in finishing the Fortifications of *Straelsund*, a Place of great importance, which was in Danger from the Kings of *Denmark* and *Prussia*. However, he made his Brother-in-law Generalissimo of all the *Swedish* Forces. This Prince had served the States General in the *French* War, and was esteemed a good Soldier, which went a good Way towards his match with *Charles's* Sister.

At the Mouth of the *Oder*, a River that divides *Pomerania*, and passing by *Stetin* falls into the *Baltick*, there is a little Island called *Usedom*.

Its Situation makes it a Place of vast Importance ; for it commands the *Oder* both on the right and left, and whoever has it, is Master of the Navigation of that river. The King of *Prussia* had dislodged the *Swedes* from thence, keeping that as well *Stetin* in

his Hands, and said he did it purely for the sake of Peace. The *Swedes* however had retaken it in 1715, and held two Forts there, which were manned only with 250 *Pomeranians*, commanded by an old *Swedish* Officer named *Duslep* or *Duslerp*, a Man who well deserves to be remember'd.

The King of *Prussia* sent 1500 Foot, and 800 Dragoons into the Island. They landed without opposition on the Side of *Suine*, which the *Swedish* Officer had left, being a Place of least Importance, and unwilling to divide his little Company, he retired with them into the Castle of *Penamondre*, resolving to hold out to the last extremity.

So they were forced to make a Siege in all the Forms. They shipped Artillery at *Stetin*, and sent in a Reinforcement of 1000 *Prussian* foot and 400 horse. Soon after they opened the Trenches in two Places, and played a brisk Fire of Cannon and Mortars. In the time of the Siege, a *Swedish* soldier, sent privately with a letter from *Charles*, found means to land on the Island, and slip into *Penamondre*. He gave the letter to the Commander, which was in these Words.

**D**O not fire, till the Enemy comes to the Brink of the Fossé: Stand on your Defence till the last drop of Blood. I commend you to your good Fortune.

CHARLES.

*Duslerp*, reading the Note, resolved to obey, and die, as he was bid, to serve his Master. By break of Day the Assault was given. The besieged made their Fire as directed, and killed Abundance; but the Fossé was full, the Breach large, and the Besiegers too numerous. They entered in two different Places at once. The Commander now thought he had nothing more to do, than to obey his Orders, and sell his Life dear: He abandoned the Breaches, intrenched his little Company, who had all Honour and Courage enough

to go with him, and placed them so that they should not be surrounded. The enemy came on, wondering he would not ask for quarter. But he fought a whole hour, and when he had lost half his soldiers, was killed at last with his Lieutenant and his Major. There were then a hundred men left, and one officer, who asked their lives, and were taken prisoners. In the Commander's pocket they found his Master's letter, which was carried to the King of Prussia.

At the time when Charles sustained the loss of Usedom, and the neighbouring islands which were quickly taken, while Wismar was ready to surrender, with no fleet to help, and Sweden in the utmost danger, he himself was in Straelsund, and there besieged by 36000 men.

There was in it a garrison of 9000 men, and more than all, the King of Sweden himself. The Kings of Denmark and Prussia besieged it with an army of 36000 men, consisting of Prussians, Danes, and Saxons.

Over against Straelsund, upon the Baltick, is the island of Rugen, which serves for a defence to this place, whither the garrison and people could retire upon occasion, if they had but boats. This island was of great consequence to Charles; for he knew if once the enemy were masters of it, he should soon be invested both by sea and land, and probably bury'd in the ruins of Straelsund, or else a prisoner to those whom he had before so much despised, and used so hardly. However, the ill state of his affairs had not allowed him to send a sufficient garrison to Rugen, there being no more than 2000 regular troops in all upon the island.

The enemy had been for three months making all proper dispositions for descent thither, which was very difficult: but having built boats for the purpose, the Prince of Anbalt, by the favour of good weather,

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weather landed at last 12000 men upon the place, on  
the 15th of November.

That very day the King had been defending a  
outwork for three hours, and coming back very  
much fatigued, he was told that the *Danes* and *Prussians*  
were in *Rugen*. It was eight o' clock at night  
and he went directly in a fisher-boat with *Poniatowski*,  
*Grothusen*, *During*, *Dardorf*, and by nine he got to the  
island. He joined his two thousand men, that were  
entrenched near a little haven about three leagues  
from where the enemy had landed. He marched  
with them at midnight in great silence. The Prince  
of *Anhalt* had used a caution that seemed unnecessary  
to entrench his camp. His Officers expected nothing  
in the night, and little thought but *Charles*  
was safe at *Straelsund*. But the Prince, who knew  
*Charles* much better, order a deep fosse with *chevaux*  
*de frize* upon the edge of it, and took as much pre-  
caution as if he had to do with an army of superior  
force.

At two in the morning *Charles* came to the ene-  
mies camp, without making the least noise. His  
soldiers said to one another, *Come, let us pull up the*  
*chevaux de frize*; which words were overheard by  
the Centinels; and the alarm been quickly given  
the enemies stood quick to their arms. The King  
taking up the *chevaux de frize*, sees a great fosse, *As*  
*says he, impossible! this is more than I expected!* Not  
at all discouraged, and knowing nothing of their  
numbers, nor they of his, for the night favoured  
him in that, he resolved in an instant, jumped into  
the ditch, and some of the boldest with him, and all  
the rest were quickly after him. The *chevaux de*  
*frize* were removed, the earth levelled, with trunks  
and branches of trees as they could find them, and  
the bodies of the dead for fascines. The King, the  
Generals, and the boldest of the Officers and soldiers,  
got on one another's shoulders, as in assaults. The

fight

fight began in the enemies camp; and the vigour of the Swedes put the Danes and Prussians into great disorder; but their numbers being too unequal, the Swedes were repulsed in about a quarter of an hour, and repassed the *fossé*. The unfortunate King rallied his troops in the field, and the fight was renewed with equal warmth on both sides. He saw his favourite Grothusen and General Dardorf fall, and passed over the last in fighting before he was quite dead. During his companion from Turkey to *Strælsund*, he was killed before his face.

The King himself was shot near the left breast. Count *Poniatosky* was near, who having saved his life before at *Pultawa*, had the good fortune to do the same again at *Rugen*, and remounted him.

The Swedes retired to a part of the island named *Steferra*, where there was a fort they were yet masters of. From thence the King returned to *Strælsund*, and obliged to leave those brave troops who had served him so well in that expedition; and they were made prisoners of war in two days after.

One day as the King was dictating to a Secretary the dispatches for Sweden, a bomb falling on the house, came through the roof, and burst very near the room. Part of the floor fell down; but the closet where he was being worked into a thick wall, was not disturbed; and by great good fortune none of the ministers came in at the door, tho' it was open. In this noise and confusion the Secretary dropped his pen, and thought the house was coming down. "What ails you," says the King very calmly, "why don't you get up?" The man could only bring out, "the bomb, Sir!" "Well," says the King, "and what has that to do with our business! go on."

In four days the enemy made an assault upon the entrenchment, which they took twice, and were beaten. The King was always fighting among the grenadiers; but at last their number prevailing, they became



became masters of it. *Charles* continued in the place two days after that, and staid till midnight upon the ravelin that was quite destroyed by the bombs and cannon. The next day, the chief Officers entreated him to stay no longer in a place which could not be defended. But to retreat was now as dangerous as to stay. The *Baltick* was covered with *Muscovy* and *Danish* ships, and the King, after great danger, landed at *Isted* in *Scandinavia*, and came to *Careeröön* in a very different condition from what he had gone in from thence fifteen years before in a ship of 120 guns, to give law to all the north.

*Charles* was going to make a second attempt upon *Norway*, in *October* 1718, and he had laid matters that he did not doubt to be master of the country in six months. The winter is severe enough in *Sweden*, to kill the animals that live there; but he chose to go and conquer rocks, where for snow and ice it is much worse, rather than try to regain his beautiful provinces in *Germany*; but he hoped his new alliance with the *Czar* would put him soon in a condition to retake them. Besides, his ambition was pleased with the thought of taking a kingdom from his conquering enemy.

At the mouth of the river *Tissendall*, near the town of *Denmark*, between *Babus* and *Anflo*, stands *Frederickshall*, a place of great strength and importance, which is reckoned to be the key of that kingdom. *Charles* sat down before it in the month of *December*. The cold was so extreme, that the soldiers could hardly break the ground. They might as well have opened trenches in a rock; but the *Swedes* thought much of no fatigues in which they saw their King take his share so readily; and *Charles* himself did never suffer more than now. His constitution by eighteen years labour was hardened to that degree, that he would sleep in the open field here in *Norway*, the midst of winter upon boards or straw, covered

only with his Cloak, without prejudicing his Health. Some of the Soldiers in their Posts fell down dead with Cold, and others that were ready to die durst not complain when they saw their King bear it. A little before this Expedition, hearing of a Woman in *Lapland*, named *Joan Dotter*, that had lived several Months upon nothing but Water; he, who had studied all his Life to bear the worst Extremes that human Nature can support, was resolved to try how long he was able to fast. He neither eat nor drank for five Days, and on the sixth, in the Morning, he rid two Leagues to his Brother's the Prince of *Sweden*, where he eat very heartily, without feeling the least disorder, either from his long fasting, or his ill eating afterwards.

With such a Body of Iron, and a Soul of so much Strength and Courage, in every Condition, there was not one of all his Neighbours that did not fear him.

On the 11th of *December*, being *St. Andrew's Day*, he went about nine at Night to see the Trenches; and finding the Parallel not advanced to his Mind, he was a little vexed at it; but *Mons. Megret*, a French Engineer, that conducted the Siege, assured him, the Place would be taken in eight Days time. *Frederick* shall see, says the King, what can be done; and he, continuing on with the Engineer to examine the Works, *Charles* stopped at a Place where the *Boycu* made an Angle with the Parallel, and kneeling upon the inner Trenches, he leaned with his Elbows on the Parapet, to look upon the Men that were carrying on the Trenches by the Star-light.

The least Circumstances are taken Notice, of, that relate to the Death of so great a Man as *Charles XII.* I must therefore take upon me to say, that all the conversation that has been reported by several Writers, as, and *M. de la Motraye* among the rest, between the King and *Megret* the Engineer, is absolutely false.

And

And this is what I know to be the Truth of this Business.

The King stood with half his Body exposed to the Battery of Cannon exactly levelled at the Angle where he was. Not a Soul was near him, but two Frenchmen, one was Monsieur *Siker* his Aid-de-camp, a Man of great Courage and Conduct, who came into Service in *Turkey*; and was particularly attached to the Prince of *Hesse*; the other was this Engineer. The Cannon fired with chain shot, to which the King stood more exposed than any of them. Not far behind was Count *Swerin*, who commanded the Trebuches. Count *Posse*, Captain of the Guard, and Count *Kulbert* an Aid-de-camp, received his Orders. *Siker* and *Megret* saw the King the moment he fell upon the Parapet, fetching a deep Sigh. They ran to him, but he was quite dead. A Ball of half a Pound had struck him on the right Temple, and made a hole big enough to turn three Fingers in. His Head lay over the Parapet. The left Eye was beat in, and the right quite out of its Socket. He was dead in an instant; but he had the force in that instant to put his hand to the guard of his Sword, and lay in that posture. At this, *Megret*, a Man of great indifference said, *Let us be going, the Play is done.* *Siker* immediately, and told Count *Swerin*, and they all agreed to keep it private till the Prince of *Hesse* could be informed of it. They covered the corps with a grey Cloak; *Siker* put him on his hat and wig, and he was carry'd by the name of Captain *Carlsberg* thro' the troops, who saw their dead King pass, little thinking who it was.

The Prince gave orders presently, that none should stir out of the Camp, and that all the passes to *Sweden* should be guarded, till he could take measures for his Wife to claim the Crown, and to exclude the Duke of *Holstein*, who might possibly pretend to it.

Thus fell *Charles XII.* King of *Sweden*, at the age  
 six and thirty years and a half, having known the  
 extremes of prosperity, and of adversity, without  
 being softened by the one, or in the least disturbed  
 by the other. All his actions, even those of his pri-  
 vate life, are almost beyond any measure of probabi-  
 lity. Perhaps he was the only Man, to be sure he  
 was the only King, that ever had lived without fail-  
 ings. He carried all the Virtues of a Hero to  
 excess, that they became faults, and were  
 as dangerous as any of the opposite vices. His reso-  
 lution grown to obstinacy, occasioned his misfortunes  
 in *Ukrania*, and kept him five years in *Turkey*. His  
 generosity degenerating into profusion, ruined *Sweden*.  
 His courage becoming rashness, was the occasion of  
 his death. His Justice has been sometimes cruelty:  
 in his latter years, the maintaining his preroga-  
 tive came not far short of tyranny. His great qua-  
 lities, any one of which had been enough to make  
 another Prince immortal, were a misfortune to his  
 country. He never began a quarrel with any, but he  
 was rather over warm than wise in his resentment.  
 He was the first that ever had the ambition to be a  
 conqueror, without wishing to encrease his Domini-  
 on. His desire to gain Kingdoms, was only that he  
 might give them away. The passion he had for glo-  
 ry for war, and for revenge, made him too little of  
 a politician, without which the World never before  
 knew any Prince a conqueror. Before a battle he was  
 full of confidence, exceeding modest after a Victory,  
 and in a defeat undaunted. Sparing others no more  
 than he did himself, he made a small account of his  
 own or his subjects lives or labours; a Man extraor-  
 dinary rather than a great Man, and fitter to be ad-  
 mired than imitated. His life, however, may be a  
 lesson to Kings, and teach them, that a peaceful and  
 happy reign is more to be desired than so much  
 glory.

*Charles*

*Charles XII.* was tall and well shaped, he had a fine forehead, large blue eyes full of sweetness, and a handsome nose: but the lower part of his face was disagreeable, and often the worse for his laugh, which was very unbecoming; he had little beard or hair, he spoke little, and it was habitual to him to answer only with that laugh. At his table there was always great silence. With all that inflexible temper of his, he was timorous and bashful, and often at a loss in company: for having given himself so wholly up to war, he knew but little of conversation. Before his long leisure in *Turkey*, he had never read any thing but *Cæsar's* commentaries and the history of *Alexander*. But he had writ some observations upon War and his own campaigns, from 1700 to 1709, which he owned to the *Chevalier de Folard*, and for the Manuscript was lost at the unfortunate battle of *Pultawa*.

As to Religion, though the sentiments of a Prince need not influence those of other men; and the opinion of a King so ill informed as *Charles*, can be of no great Weight in such matters; yet it is proper that men's curiosity should be satisfied in this as well as other particulars concerning him. I have it from the Gentleman who gave me most of the materials of this history, that *Charles* was a serious *Lutheran* till the year 1707; he then saw the famous Philosopher *Monf. Leibnitz* at *Leipsick*, who was a great Free-thinker, and talked very freely, having instilled his notions into more Princes besides this. *Charles* learned from this Philosopher a good deal of indifference for *Lutheranism*; which he carried afterwards much farther, when he had more time in *Turkey*, and had seen so many sorts of professions.

Of all his old opinions he retained but one, which was absolute Predestination, a doctrine that favoured his courage, and justified his rash adventures. The *Czar* had much the same opinions as to Religion.



fate: but he was more free to talk of them, as he  
 of every thing else with his favorites very fa-  
 liarly; for he had this advantage over *Charles*, that  
 had studied Philosophy, and was a good speaker.  
 I cannot help taking notice here of a slander that  
 too often spread by credulous or ill-meaning peo-  
 ple, who will have it, that when Princes die, they  
 are either poisoned or assassinated: And the story  
 went in *Germany*, that *Monsieur Siker* was the man  
 that killed the King of *Sweden*. That brave officer  
 is very uneasy at the report a good while; and one  
 talking of it to me, he said these very words,  
*I might have killed the King of Sweden, but I had*  
*a veneration for the Hero, that tho' I had in-*  
*tended it, I could not offer to do it.*  
 As soon as he was dead, the siege of *Fredericksball*  
 was raised. The *Swedes*, who thought his glory ra-  
 ther a burthen than a happiness, made peace with all  
 their neighbours as fast as they could, and soon put  
 an end to that absolute power which *Baron Goerts* had  
 made them weary of. The States went to a free  
 election of King *Charles's* sister for their Queen, and  
 obliged her solemnly to renounce her hereditary right  
 to the crown, holding it only by the people's choice.  
 She promised with repeated oaths, never to set up  
 arbitrary power; and afterwards, her love of power  
 giving way to conjugal affection, she yielded the  
 crown to her husband, and brought the States to  
 love him, who ascended the throne upon the same  
 conditions.  
*Baron Goerts* was seized immediately upon *Charles's*  
 death, and condemned by the Senate of *Stockholm* to  
 beheaded under the gallows; an instance rather of  
 revenge than justice, and a cruel insult on the memo-  
 ry of a King whom *Sweden* yet admires.



